THE

NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

BY

CHARLES E. WHITING

First Reader

Authorized for use in the Schools of New Brunswick

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THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

Its Inspiration As the literature of the world is the flower of its folk-lore, so music — the great tone-poems of the masters, is the florescence of folk-song. As true appreciation of what is excellent in literature is possible only with knowledge of the folk-lore in which it is rooted, so a just appreciation of what is excellent in music, is possible only through familiarity with the folk-songs which have forerun and typified the larger and more complex compositions. Sprung many of them from unrediscovered sources, living for hundreds of years on the lips of the people, passing from generation to generation and voicing each to the next its tenderest and most sublime emotions, they stand to us as more than song, more than story, — a veritable artery of emotional life and feeling pulsing in unbroken rhythm from the earliest times to the present day.

Its Pedagogy As the development of the child follows the development of the race, so his development in music should follow its development in the race. The New Public School Music Course is based upon this fundamental principle of education. The folk-song is its key-note, its *motif* and its theme. Upon the folk-song it stands, an earnest effort to lead the children in song to the heritage of the ages which is rightfully theirs.

Its Material Many of the melodies were obtained by the author and others directly from the peoples by whom they were developed and sung, carefully reduced to writing at the time and subsequently verified. Others, ornamented and used as themes by the masters, have been followed toward their source, divested of that which was not theirs in the mouths of the people, and restored to their former simplicity of tune and time. Still others stand as they have stood since the memory of man.

Its Arrangement The better to differentiate in the minds of the pupils that which is cultural from that which is purely technical, the former material has been grouped as Songs and the latter as Exercises. As accuracy and fluency in sight-reading depend upon the singer's working knowledge of the tonic relation of tones known as movable dō, and as the success of movable dō depends upon constant change of key, the Songs and Exercises have been set in key-rotation rather than in key-chapters, thus securing the advantage of continual change with the convenience of consecutive study,— by page and title in the Songs, and by number in the Exercises. The pedant looking for the development of all possible difficulties in melody and rhythm will note with regret the absence of exercises in the more unusual varieties of measure, of certain accidentals such as flat-five, seldom met with in song except in exercises mechanically constructed expressly for introduction into school music readers, of some keys in the minor mode, and other problems incident to an exhaustive treatment of sight-song.

The educator, however, interested in the development of the child rather than in the elaboration of sequence, will commend their careful exclusion. If the child is to love to sing, he must be given songs not newly written for the purpose and whose enduring worth is yet unknown, but songs whose age-cherished existence has delighted the ear and inspired the tongue of succeeding generations; and if he is to acquire fluency in reading, the few minutes a day allotted to the subject must be devoted exclusively to such problems as are essential to his progress within the limits established by circumstance and environment. For convenience when many or all divisions of a school are gathered for opening exercises or on other occasions demanding united effort in song, the patriotic selections have been grouped as Assembly Selections and appear in all the books of the series identical in melody, rhythm, harmony, text, title and pagination, an arrangement the advantages of which are manifest. The several books will be found free from cues to pupils, scale diagrams, development exercises, instructions to teachers, and all matter more properly belonging to a Teachers' Manual.

Its Application The Supervisor will observe that no attempt has been made in the books to force upon his teachers a method of instruction which may or may not coincide with that which his personal experience has developed and successfully established in the schools whose conditions have been to him a life-study, and whose needs no other can know so well. The New Public School Music Course is not a method of instruction but a collection of original and selected, properly graded, and conveniently bound material, intended for use as follows: In schools under music supervision, in connection with the methods already established by the supervisor in charge. In graded schools without music supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Graded Schools. In ungraded schools without supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Ungraded Schools.

Its Readers The First Reader assumes on the part of the pupils a sight-reading knowledge of all combinations of the tones of the diatonic major scale in the several keys, and of measure up to and including the equal division of the beat. The Second Reader includes songs and exercises embracing the fractional division of the beat, a more extended use of accidentals, the minor mode, and two-part song. The Third Reader involves the sub-fractional division of the beat, a more remote approach of accidentals, an extension of the minor mode, and greater freedom of voice in the continuation of two-part song. The Fourth Reader introduces three-part song, which in the Fifth, with its two editions, the G Clef edition for girls' schools and the F Clef edition for boys' schools and mixed schools, affords the largest possible opportunity for real interpretive work.

All the Songs and Exercises in this Series of Music Readers, except when some Composer's name is given, have been composed and are owned by the Author.

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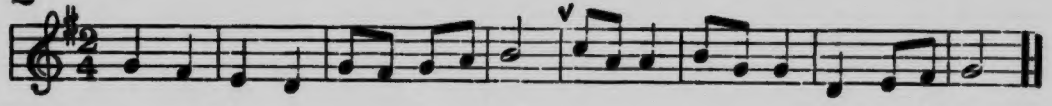

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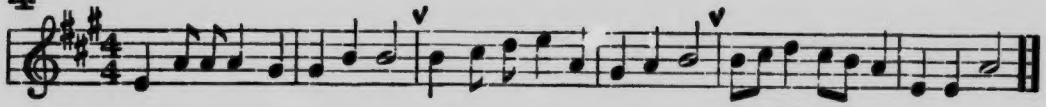

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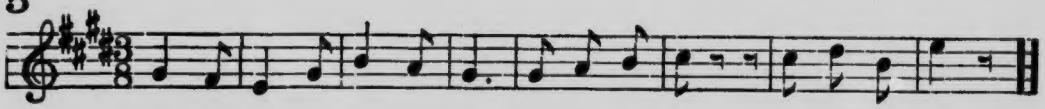

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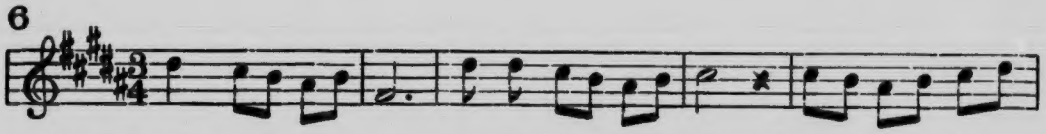

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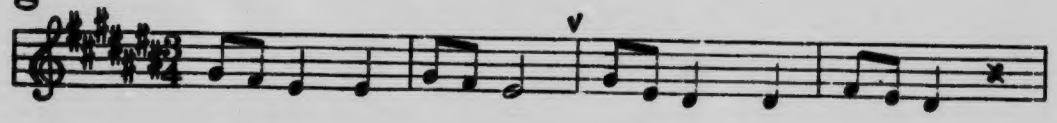

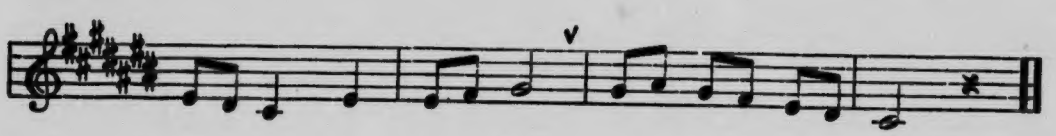

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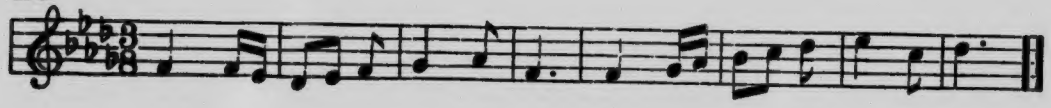

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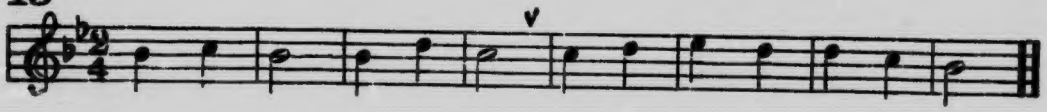

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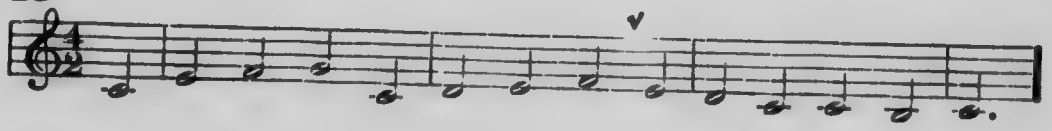

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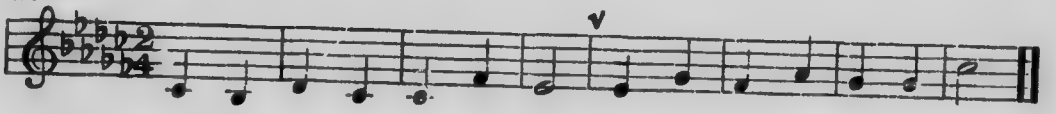

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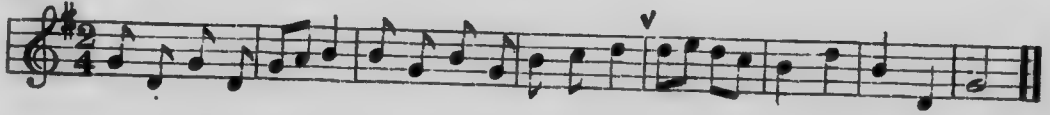

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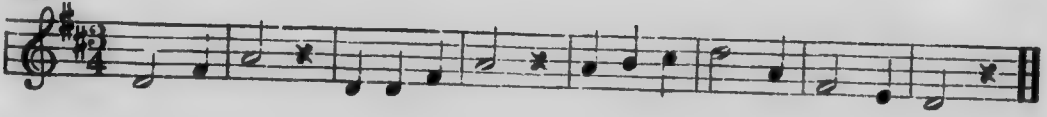

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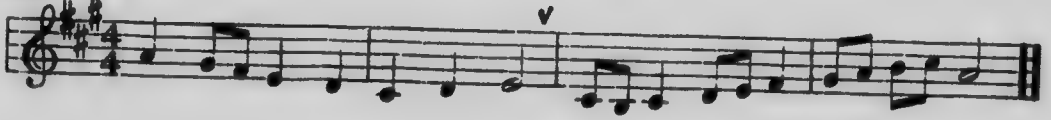

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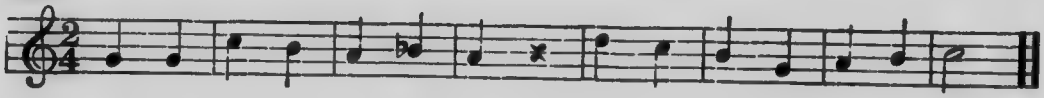

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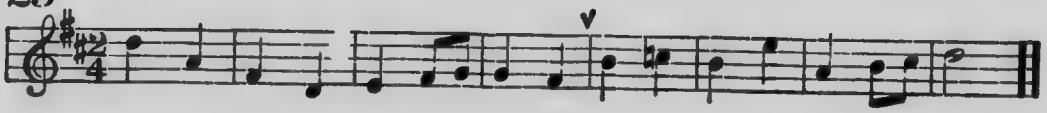

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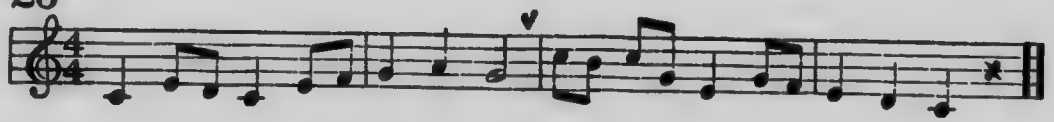

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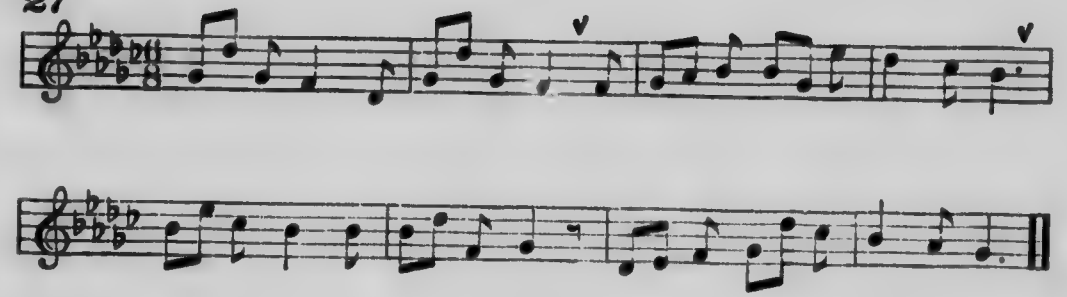

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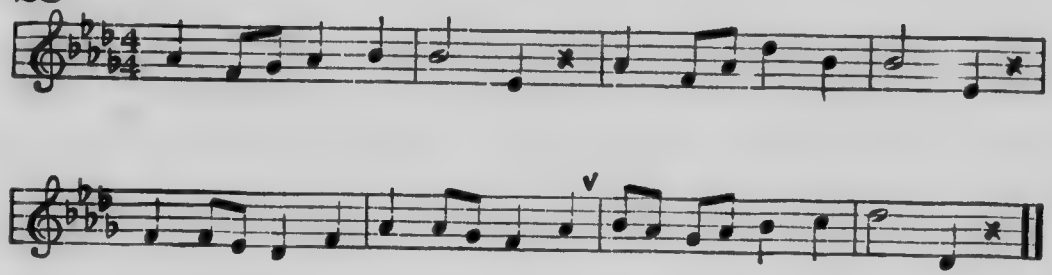

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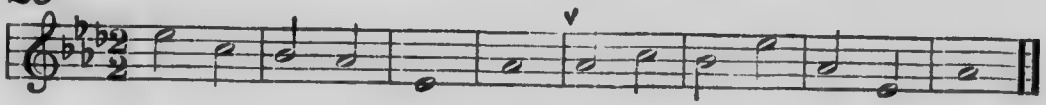

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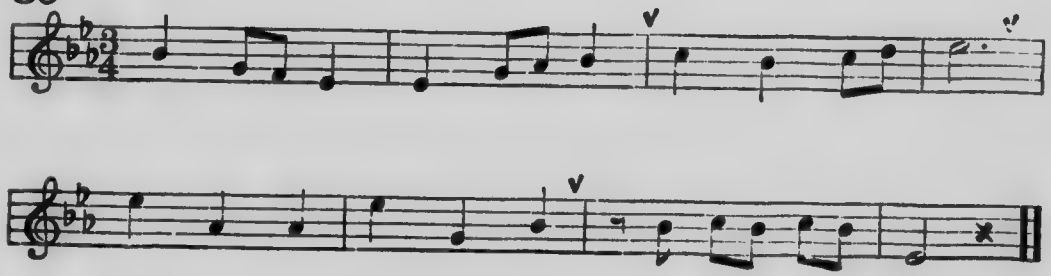

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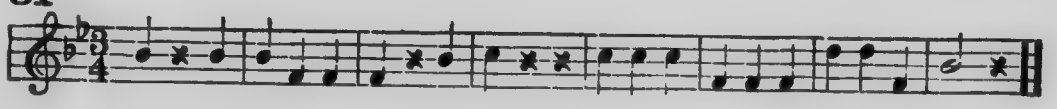

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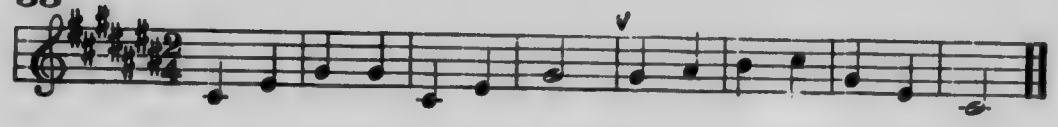

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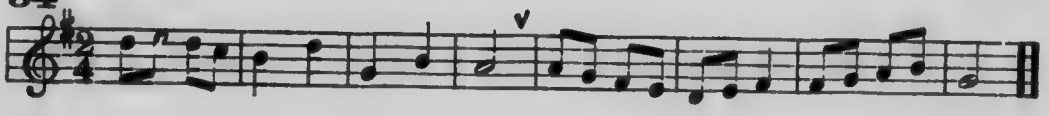

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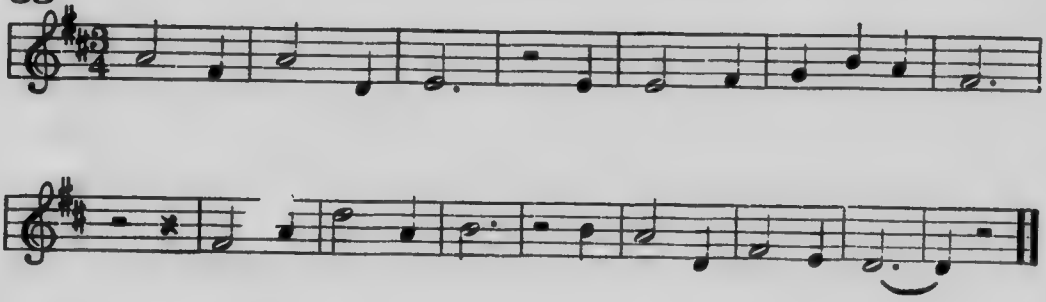

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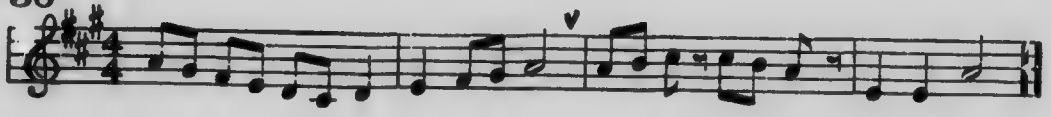

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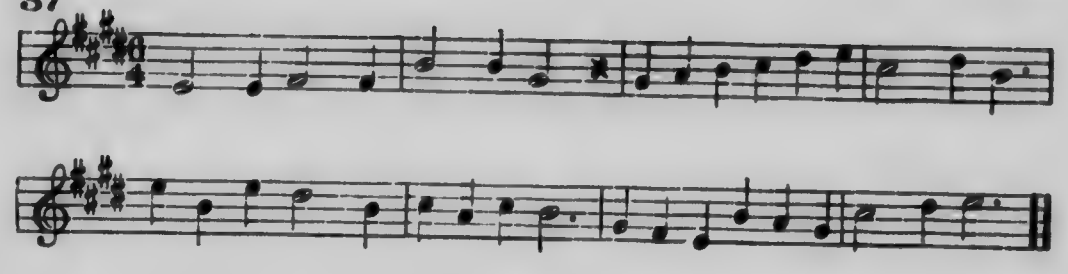

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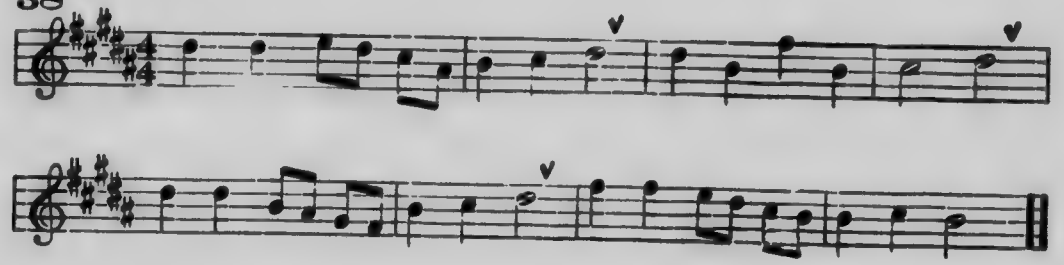

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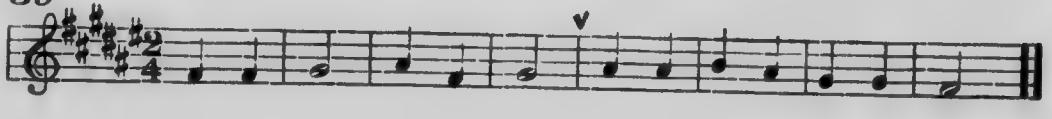

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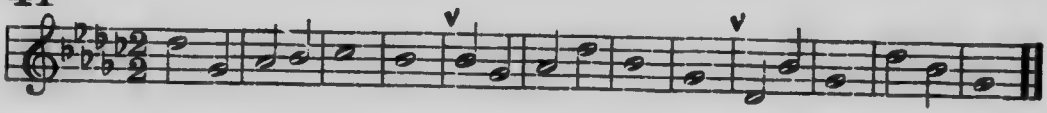

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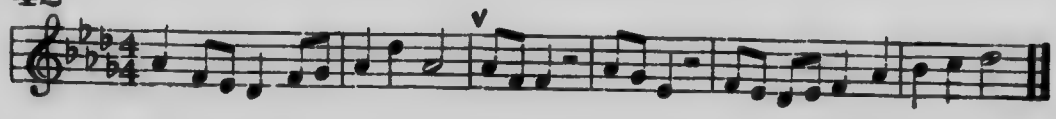

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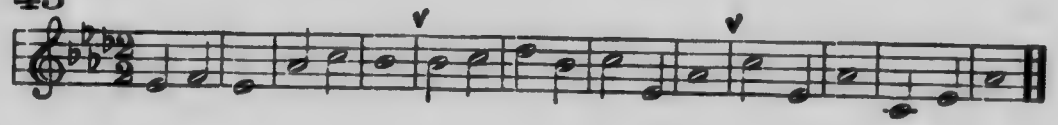

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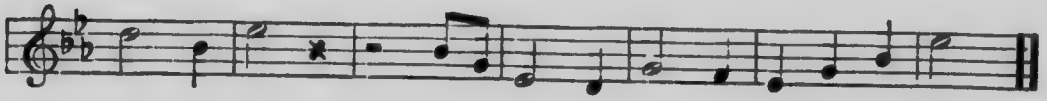

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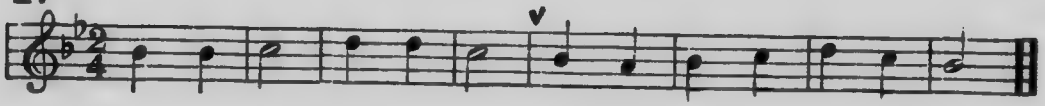

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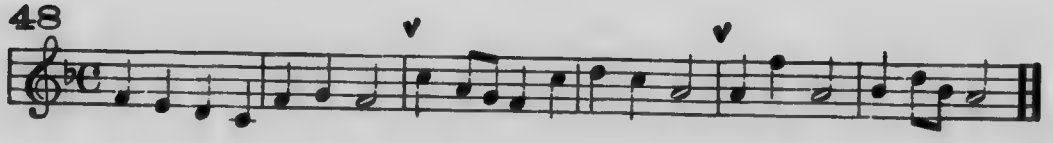

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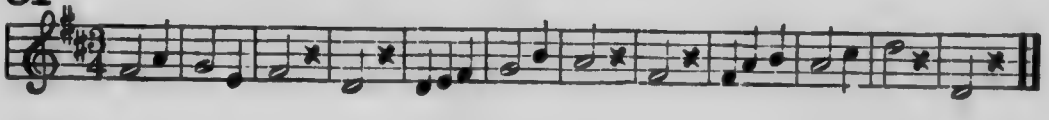

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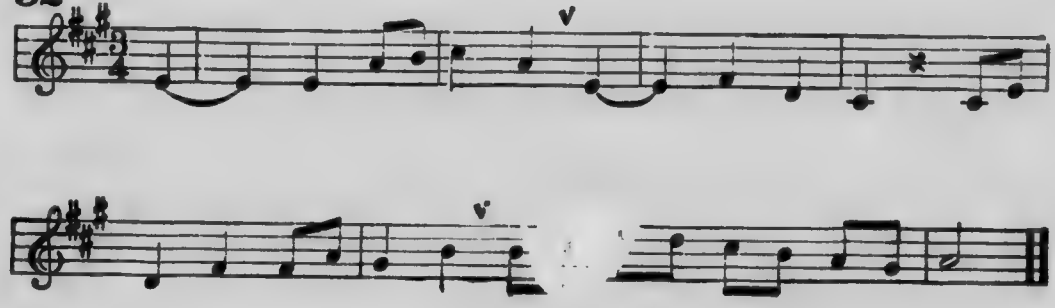

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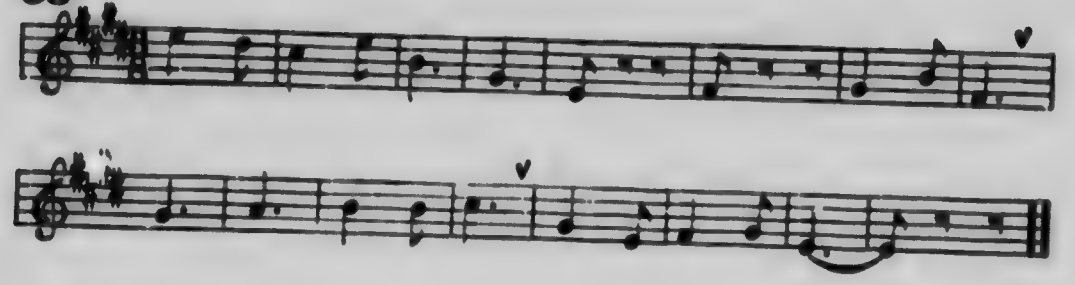

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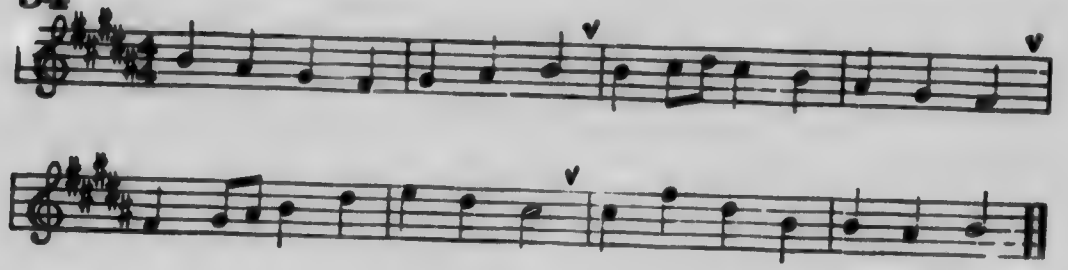

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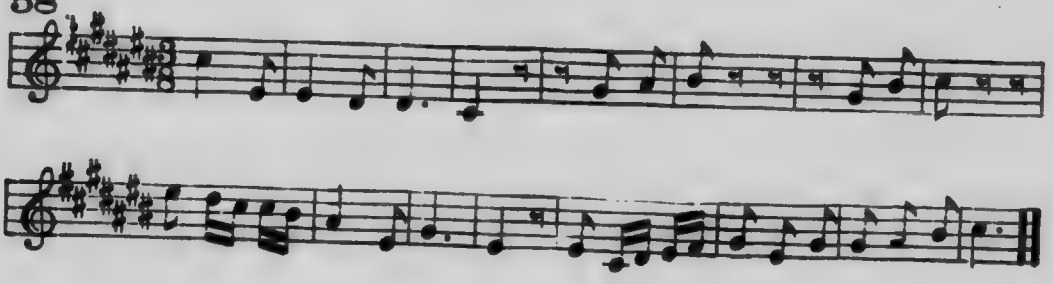

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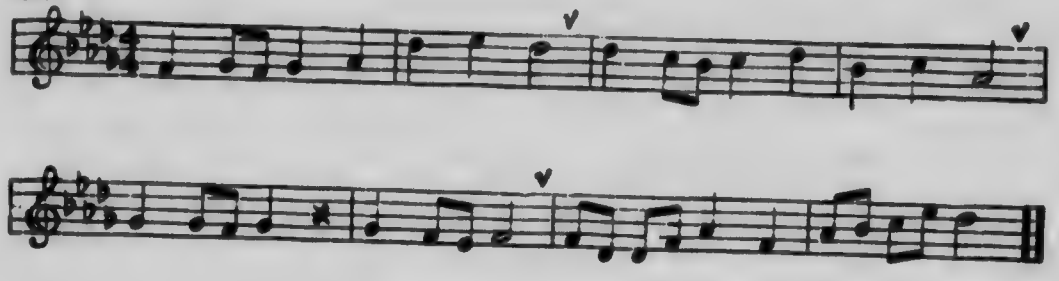

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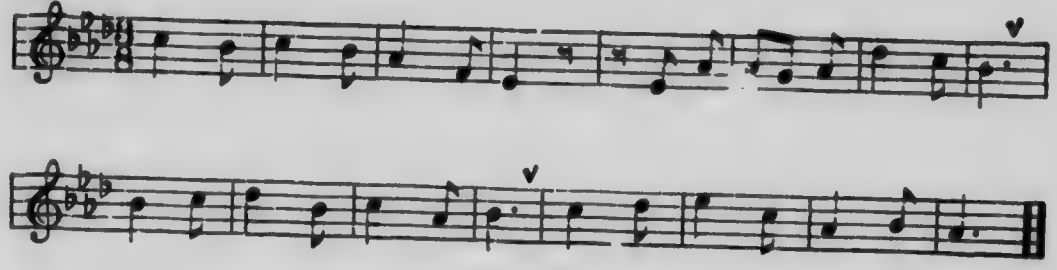

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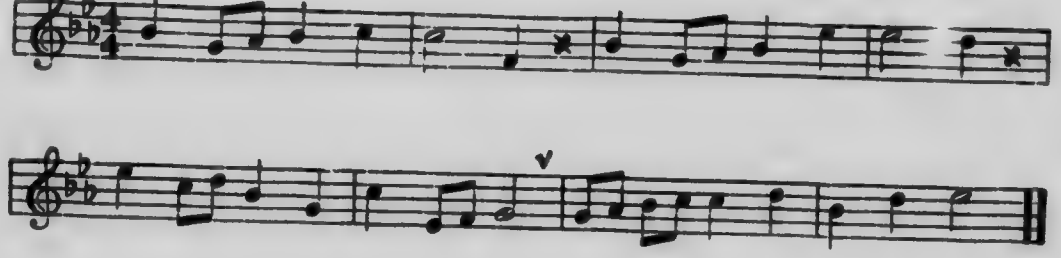

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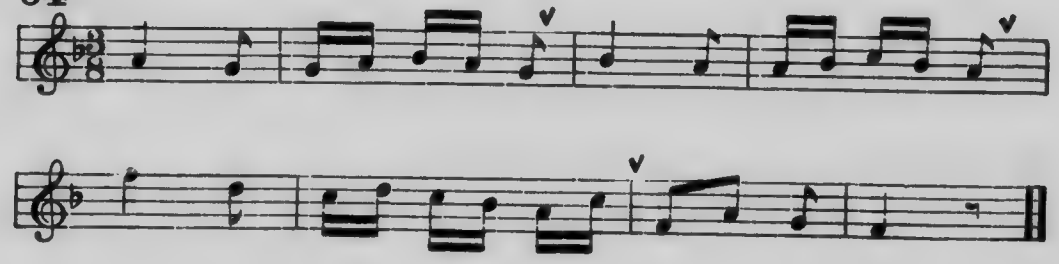

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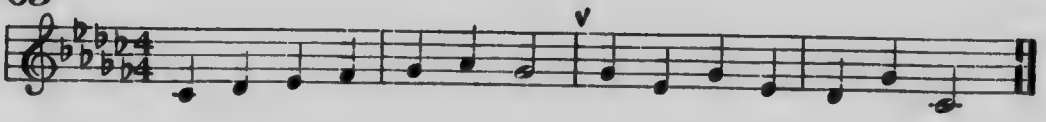

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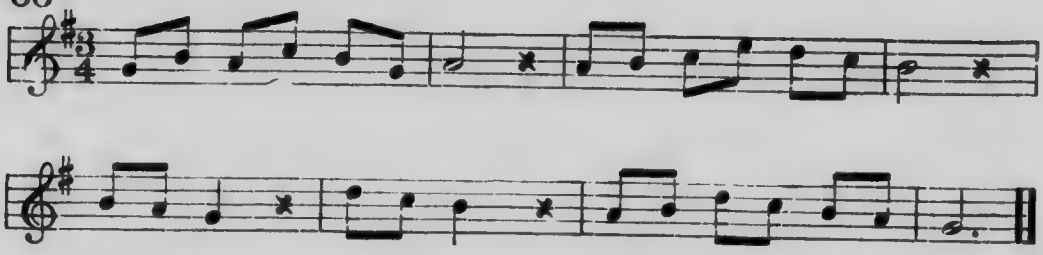

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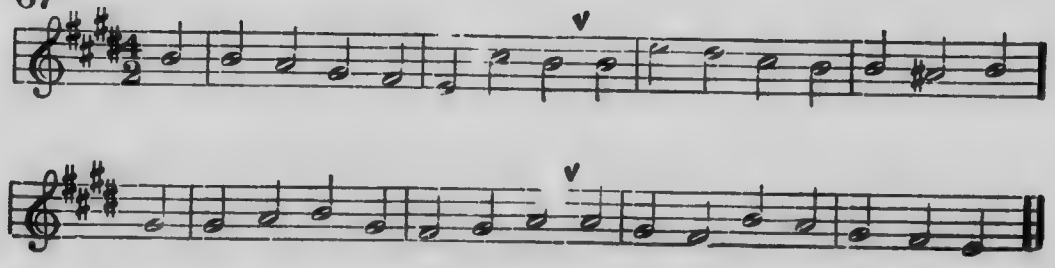

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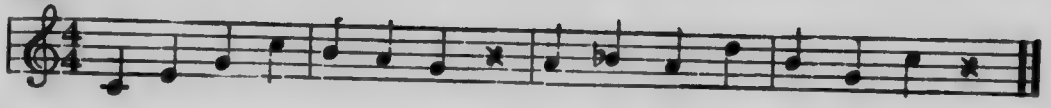

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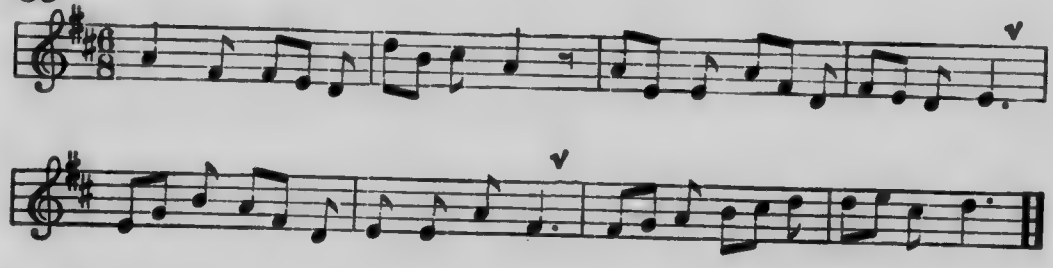

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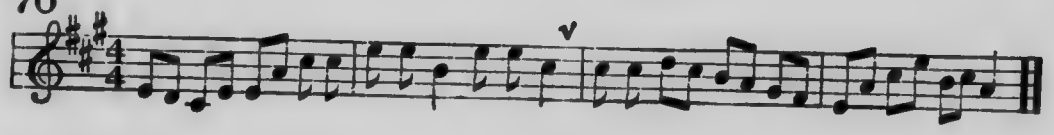

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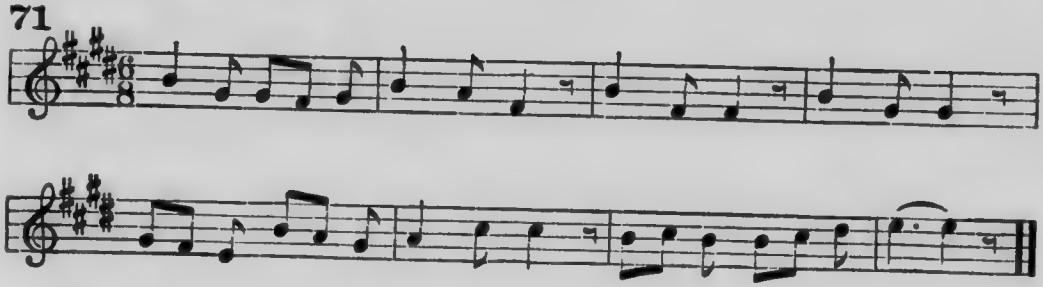

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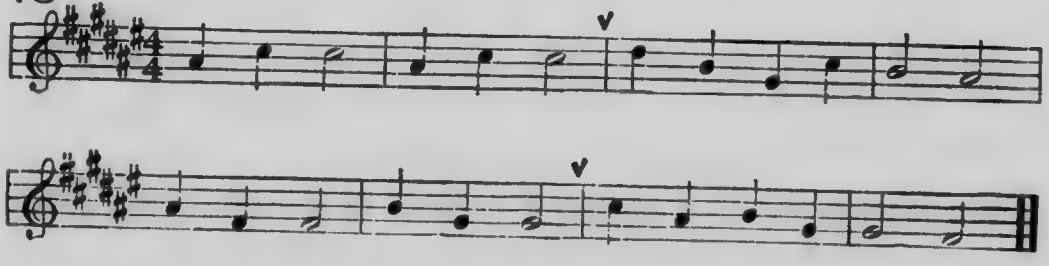

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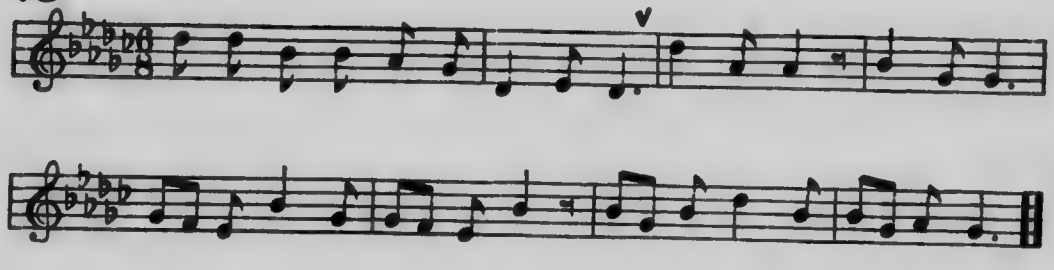

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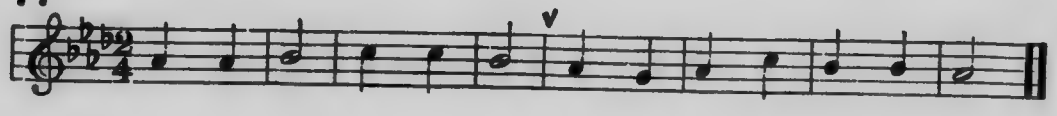

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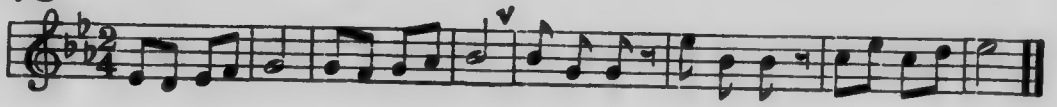

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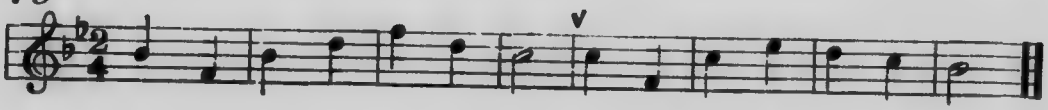

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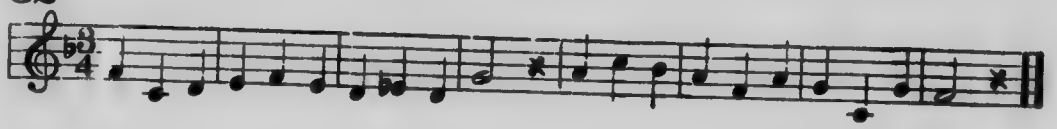

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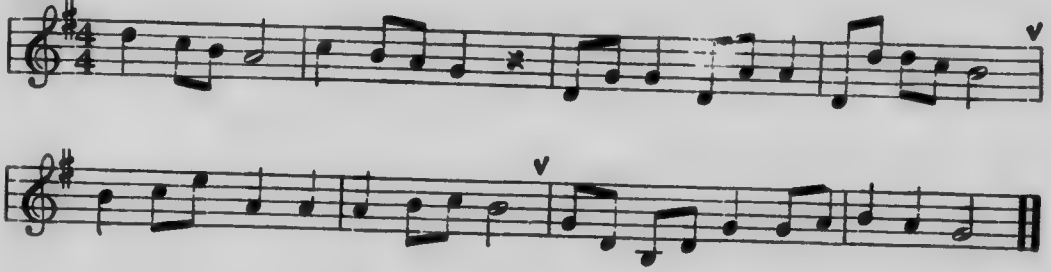

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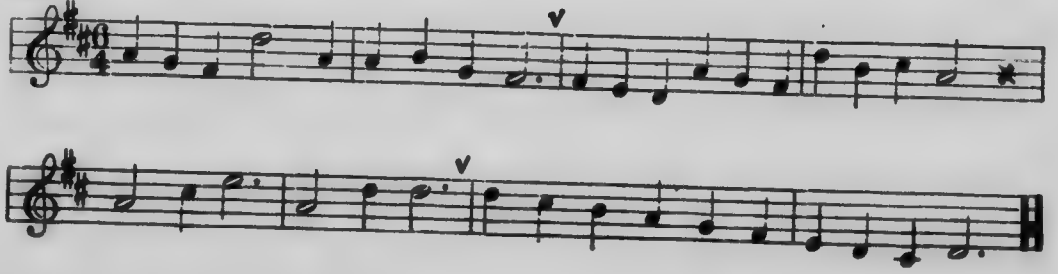

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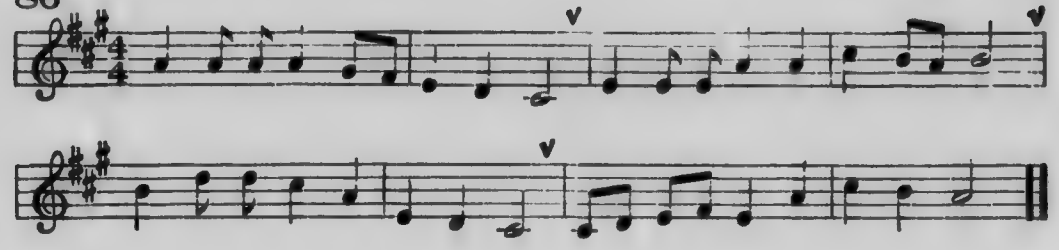

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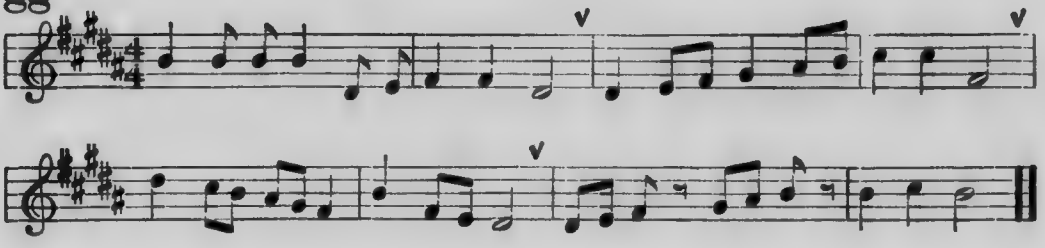

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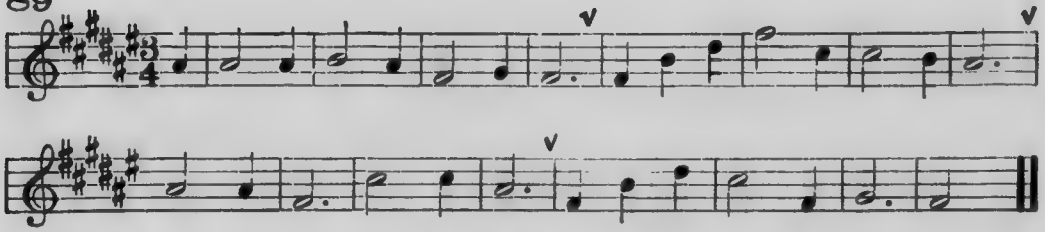

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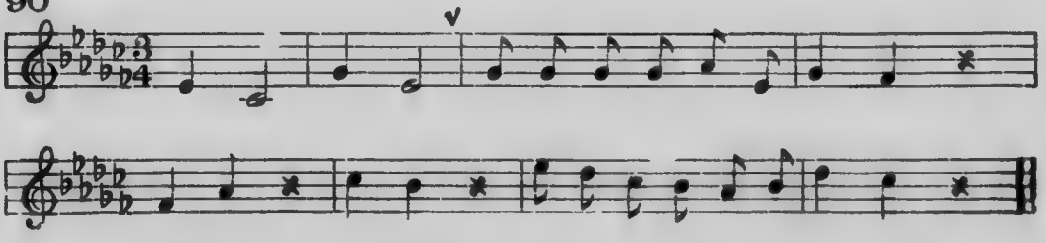

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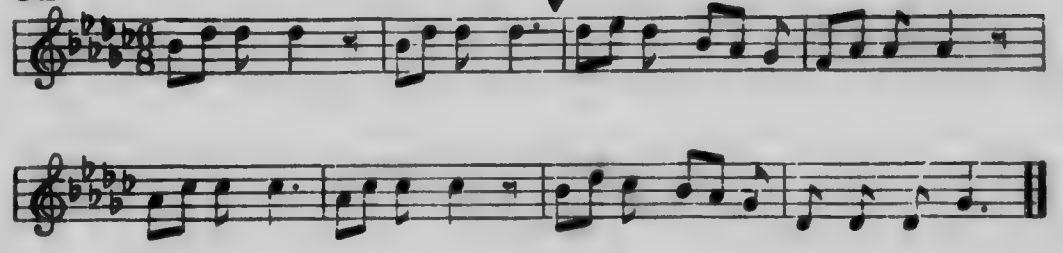

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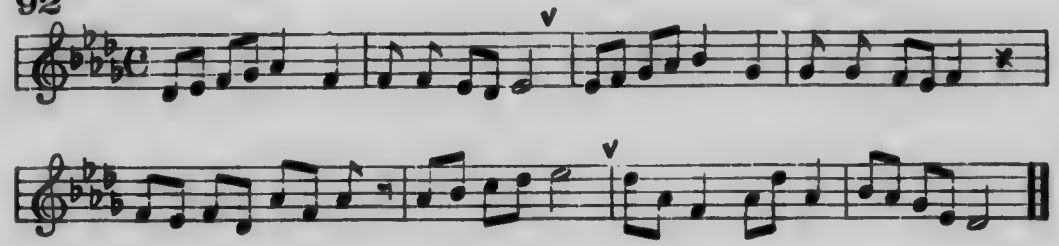

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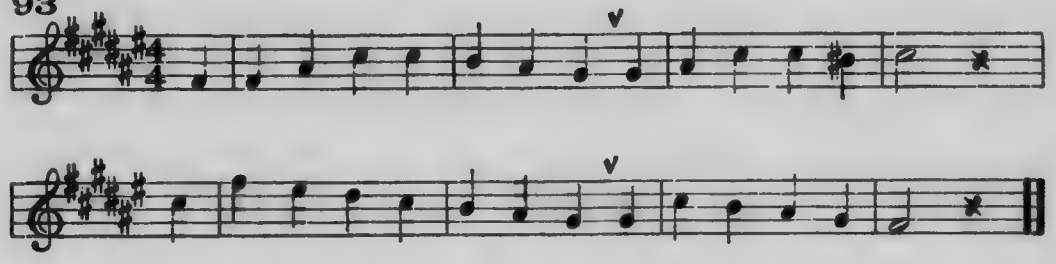

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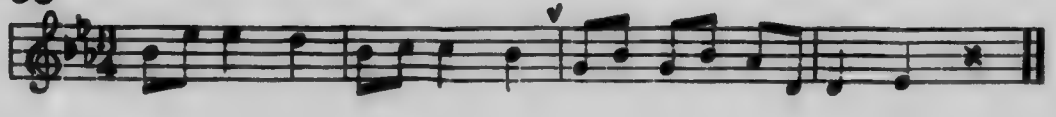

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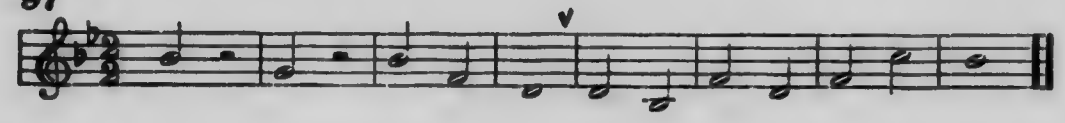

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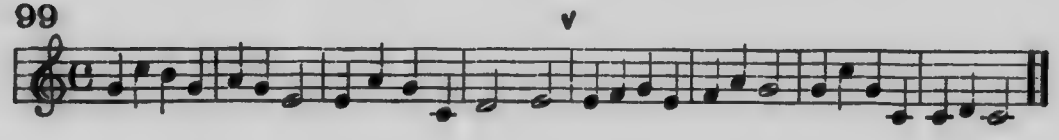

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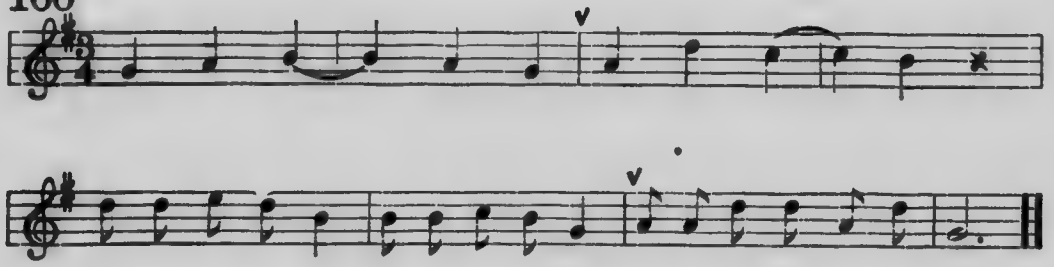

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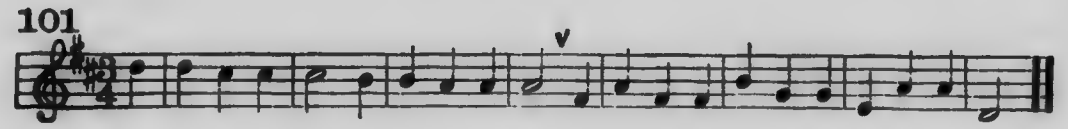

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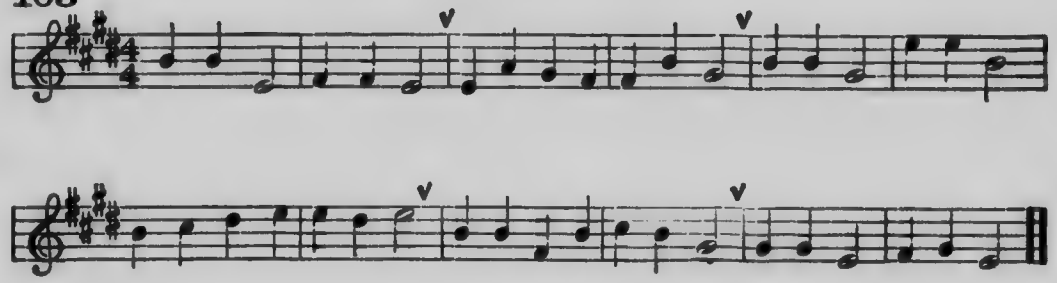

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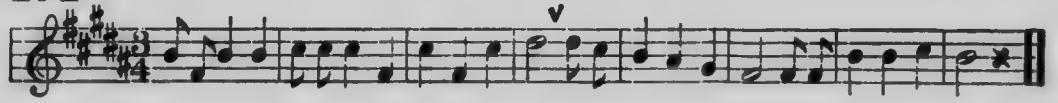

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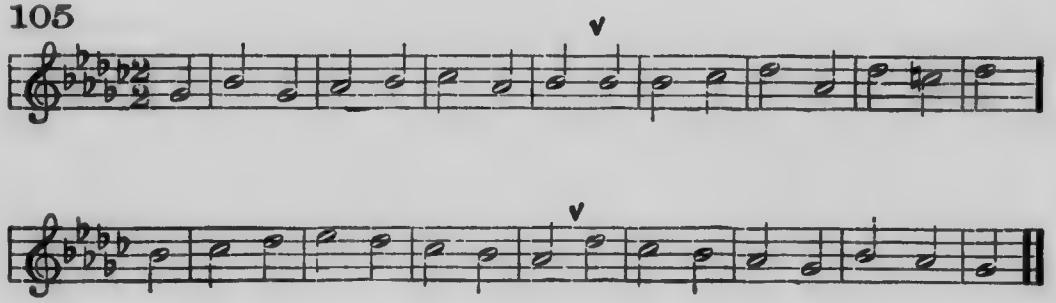

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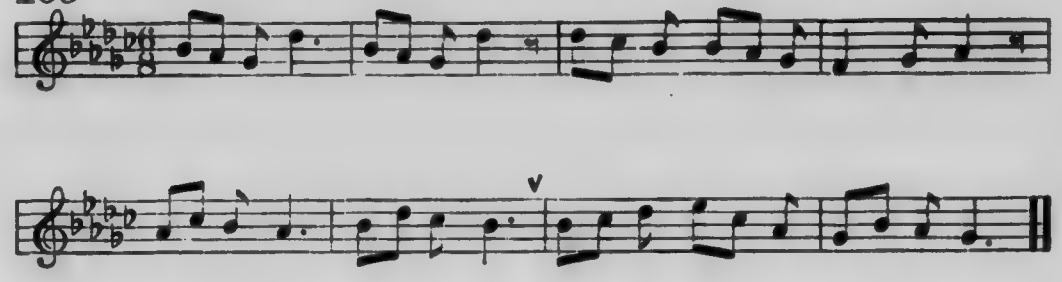

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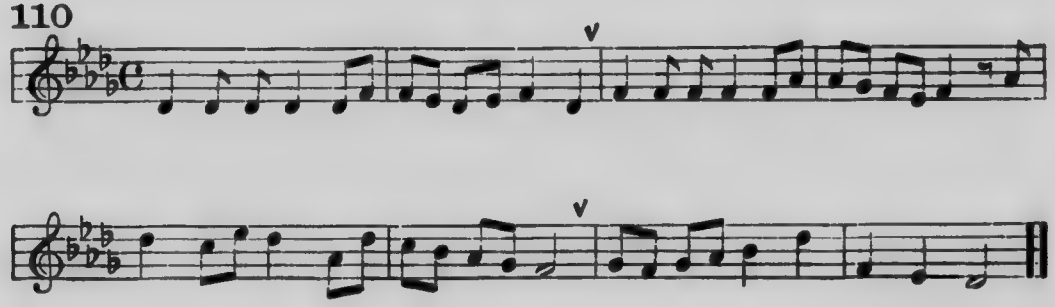

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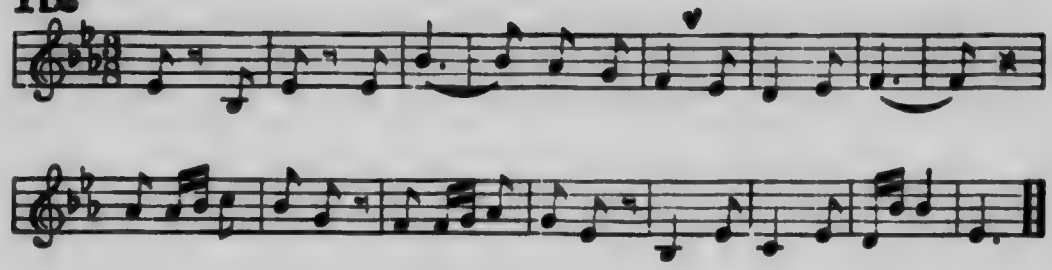

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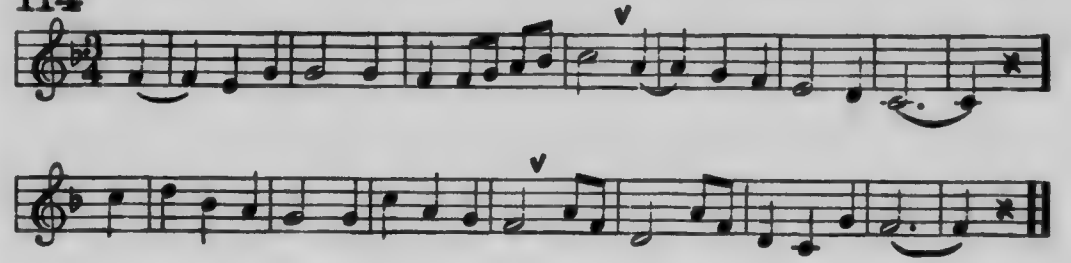

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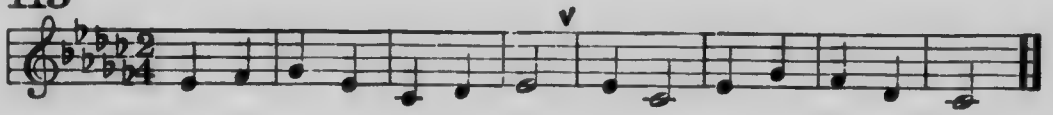

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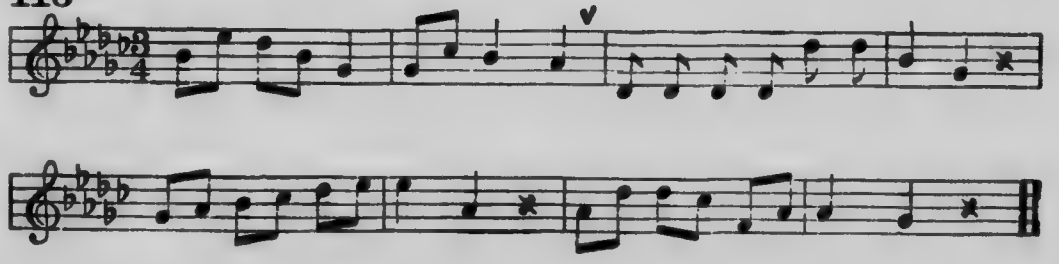

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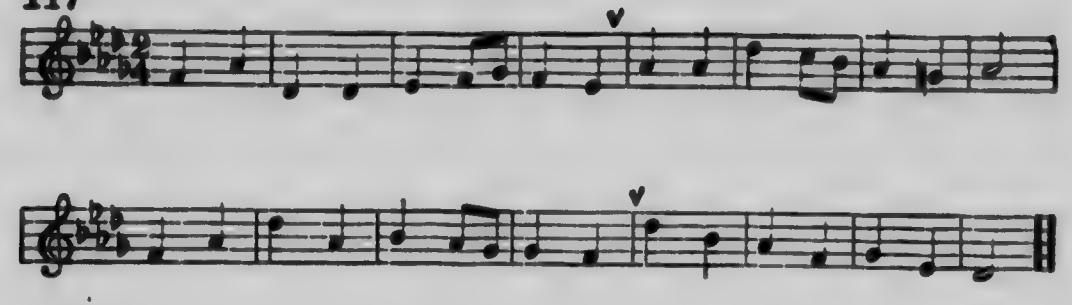

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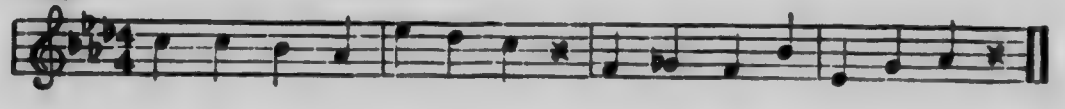

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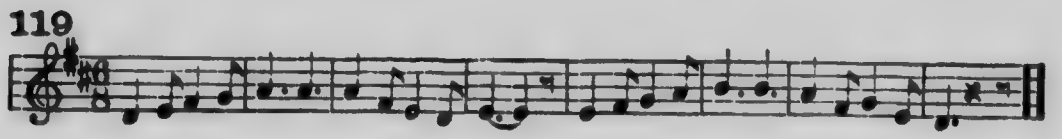

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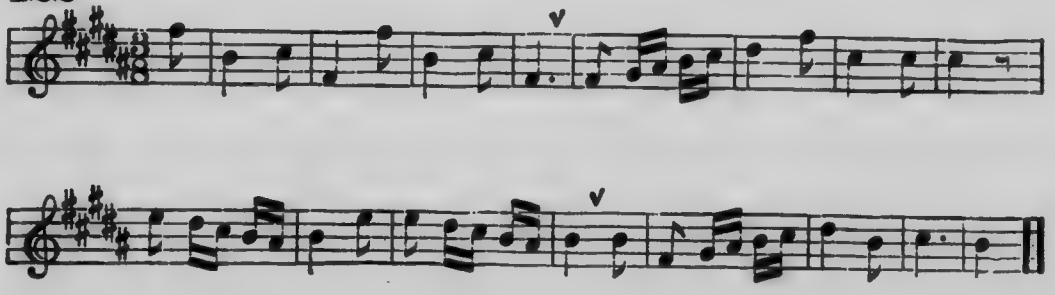

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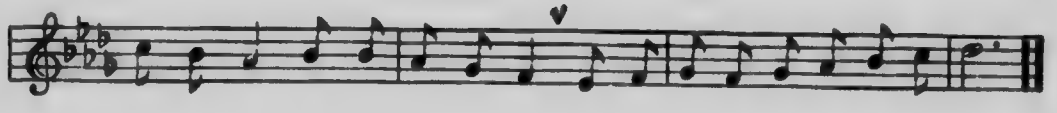

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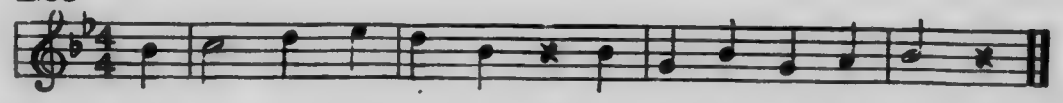

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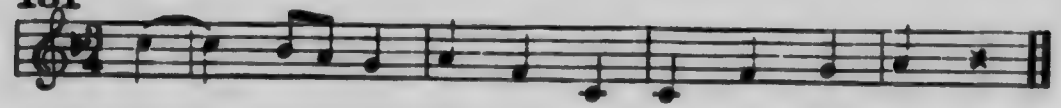

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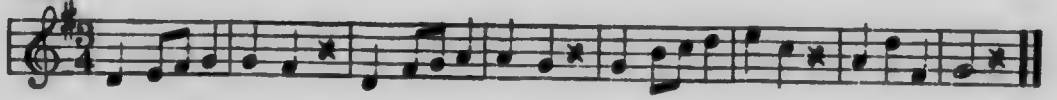

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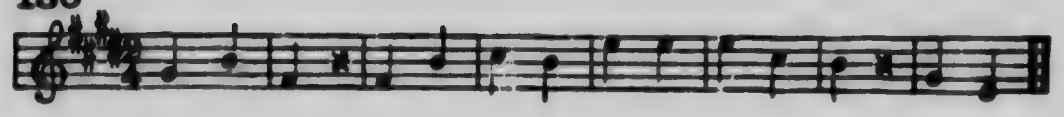

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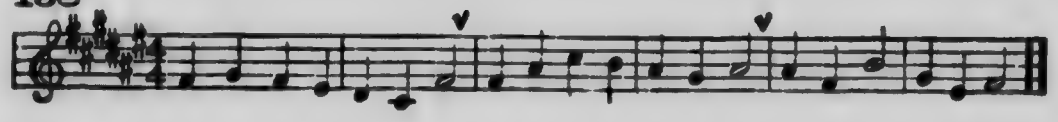

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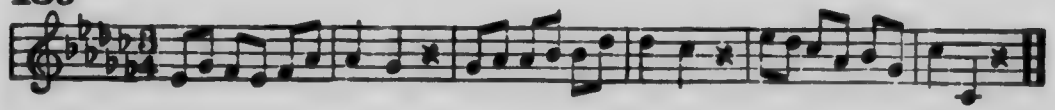

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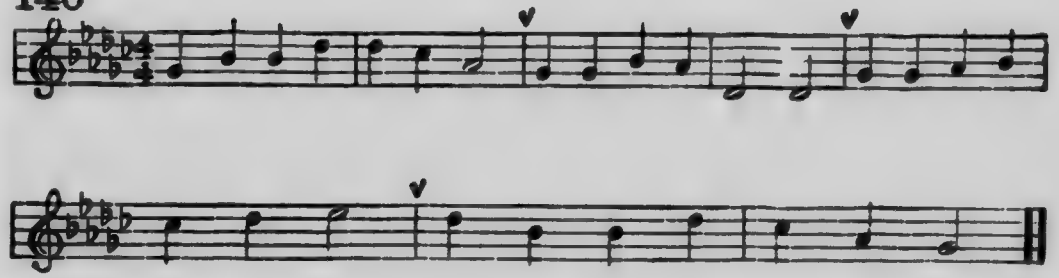

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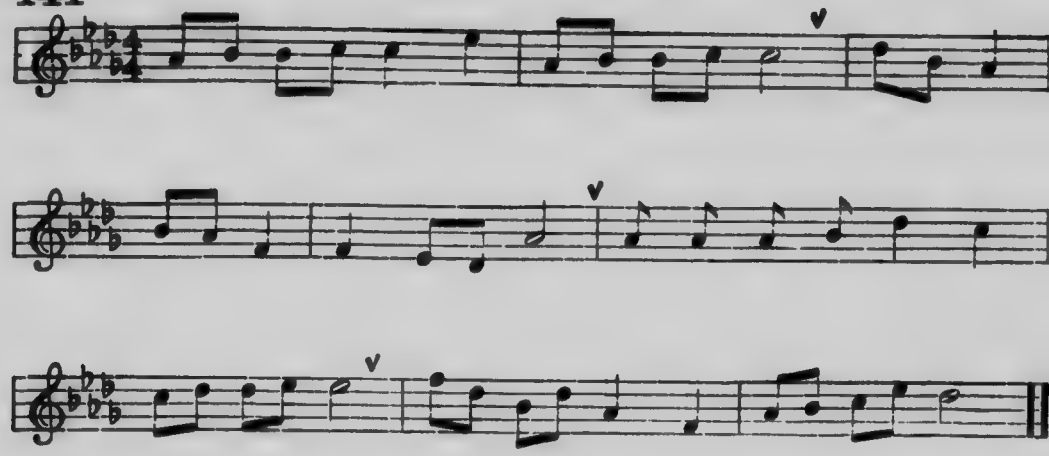

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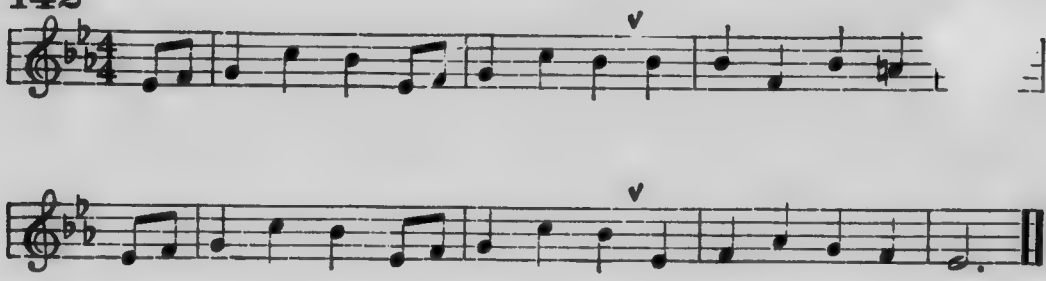

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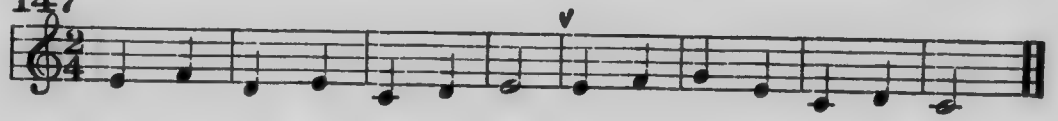

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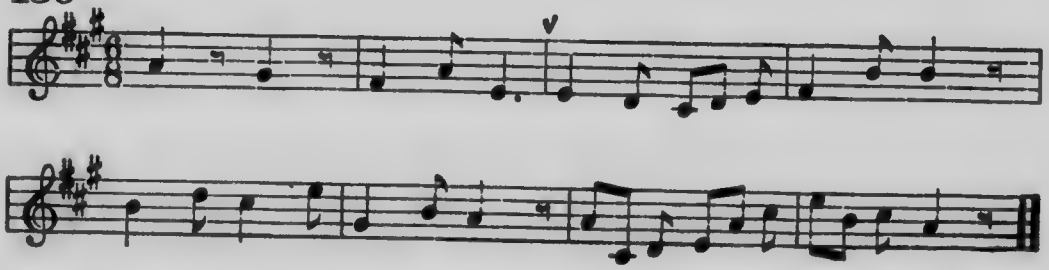

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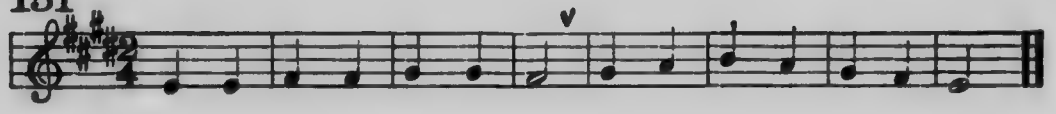

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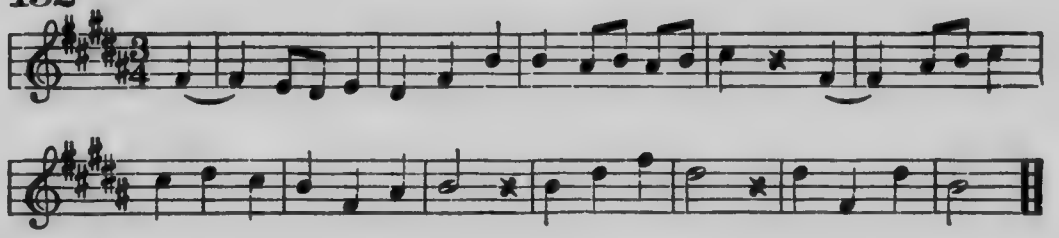

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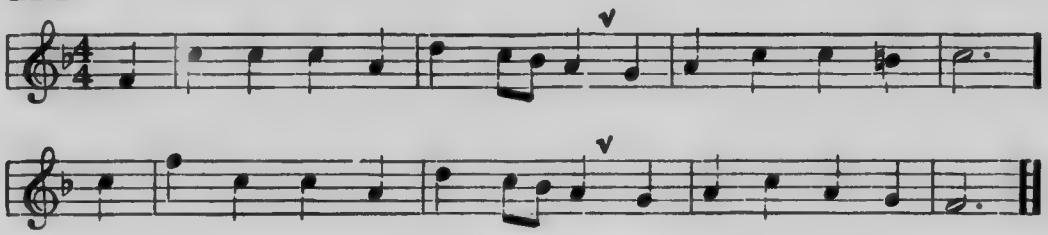

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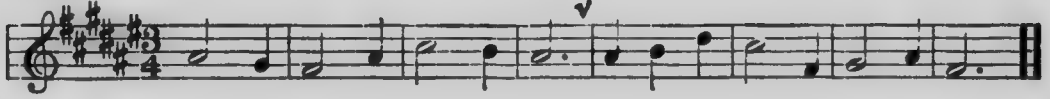

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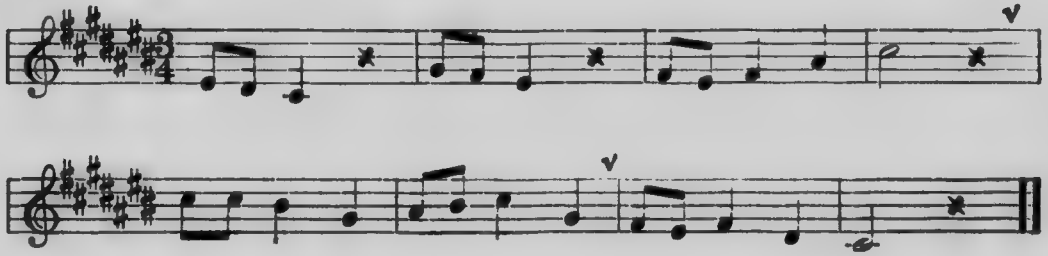

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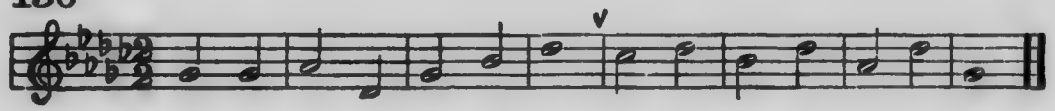

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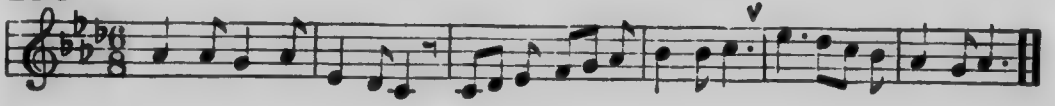

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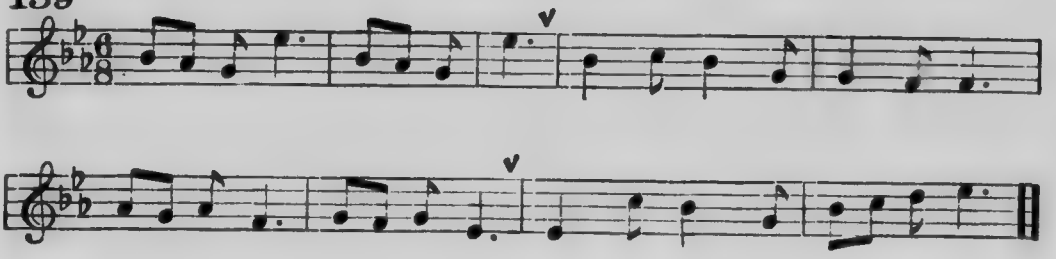

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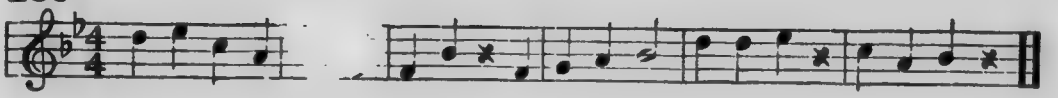

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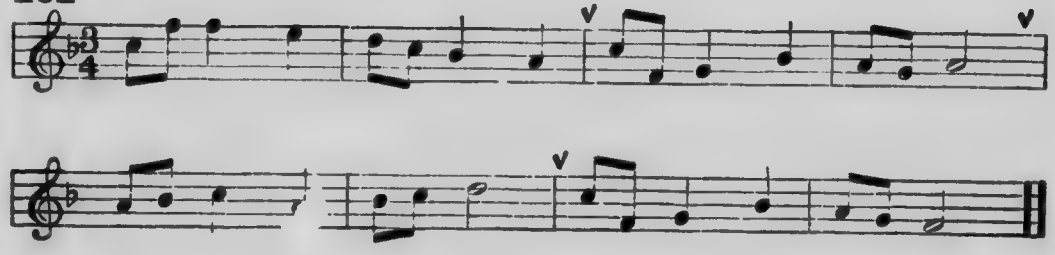

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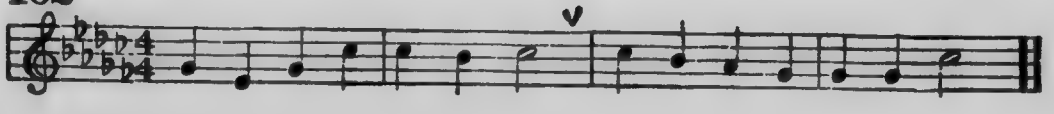

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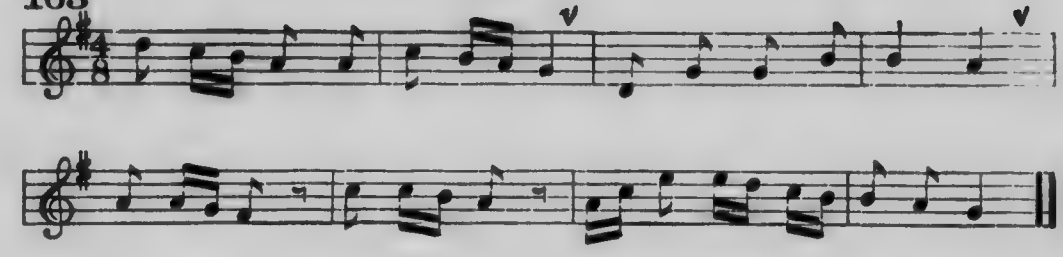

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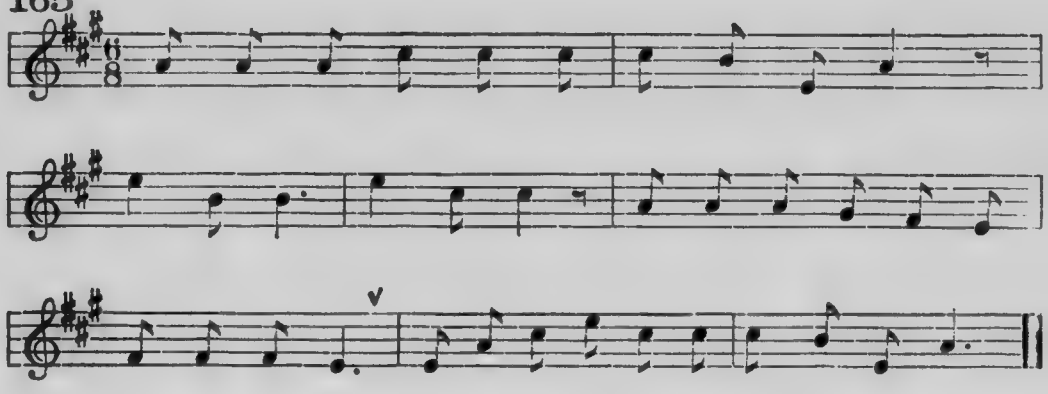

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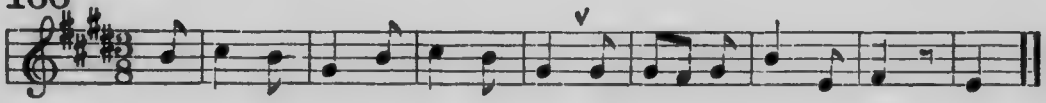

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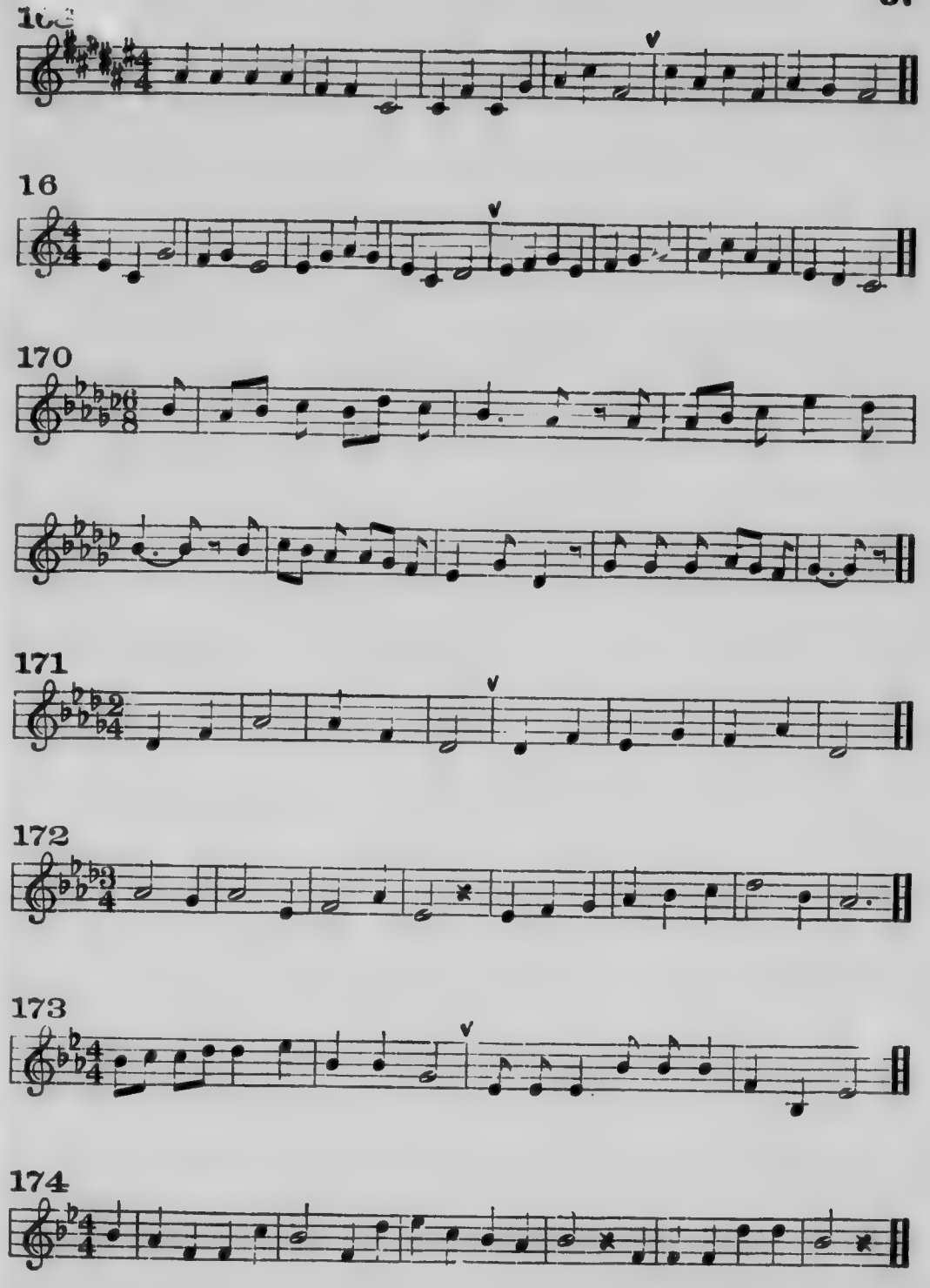
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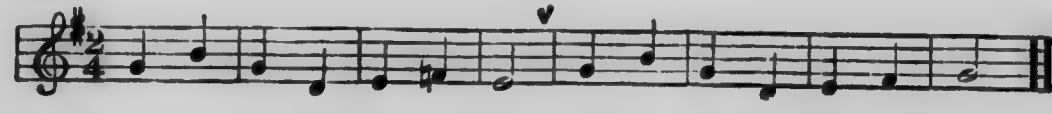

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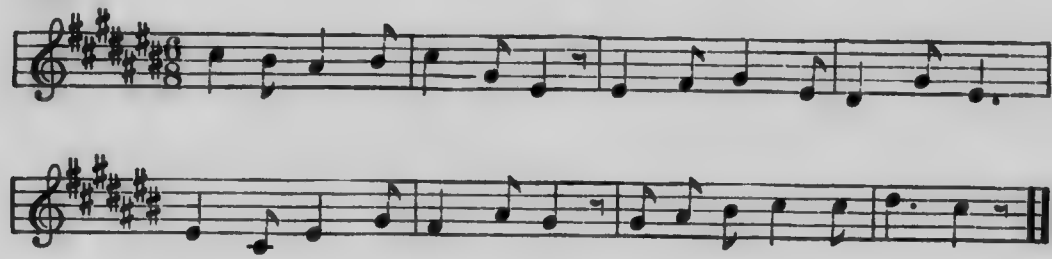

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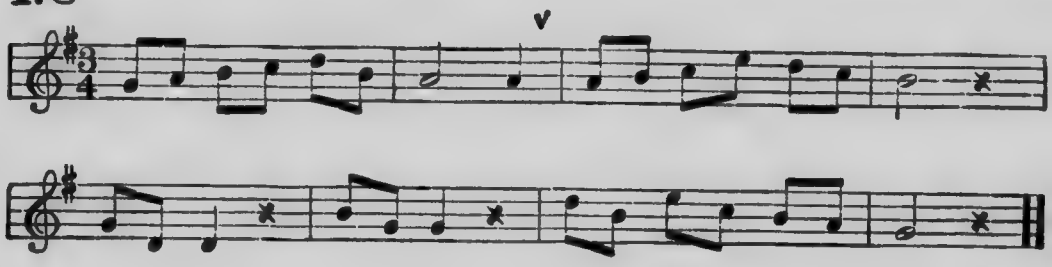

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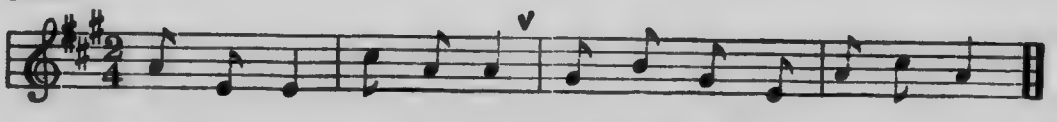

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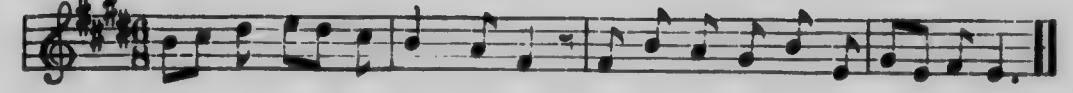

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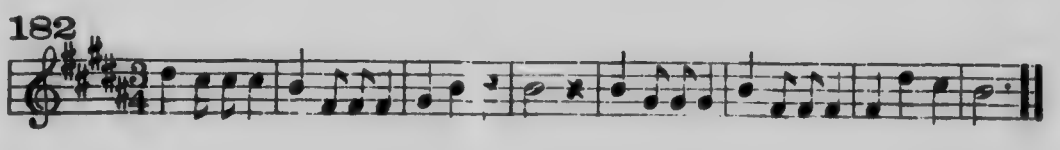

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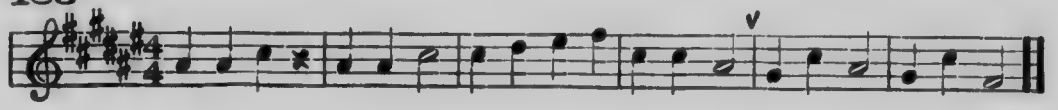

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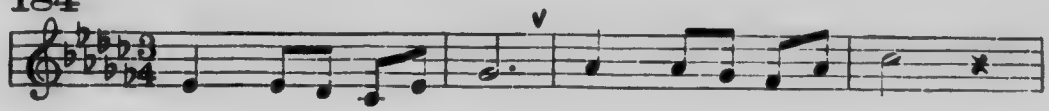

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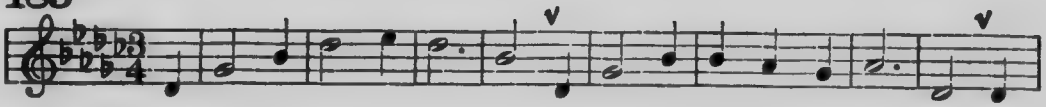

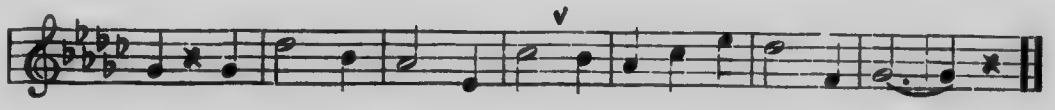

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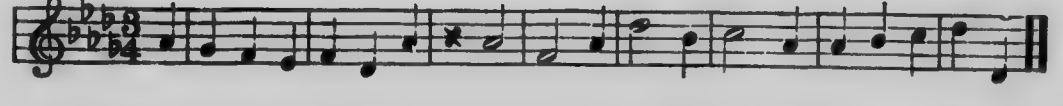

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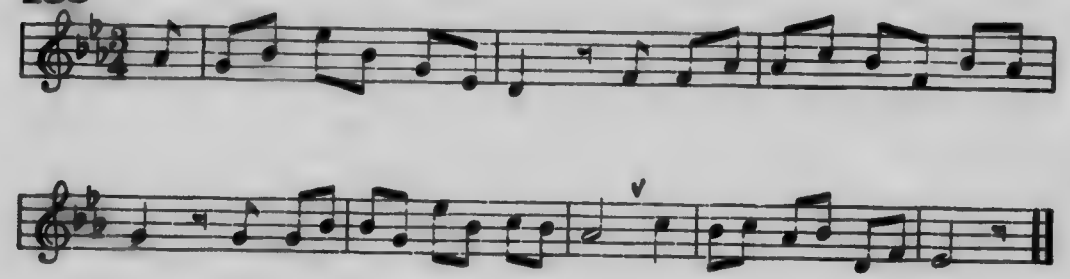

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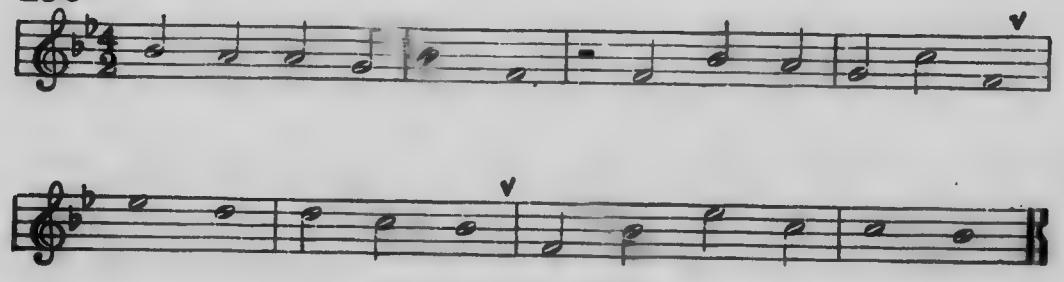

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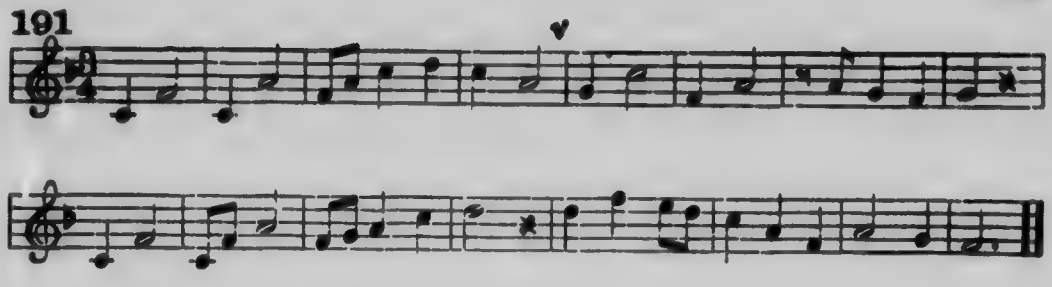

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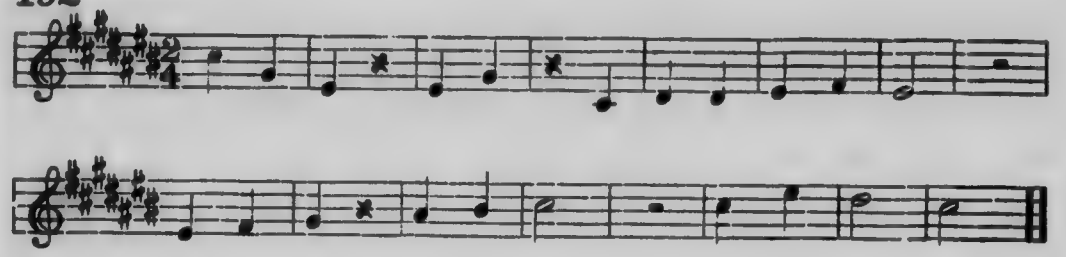

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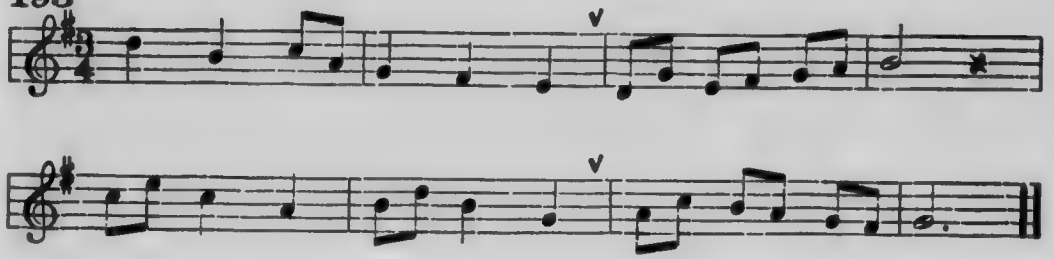

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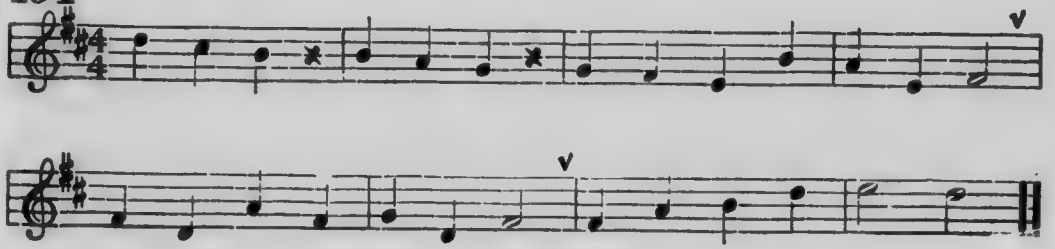

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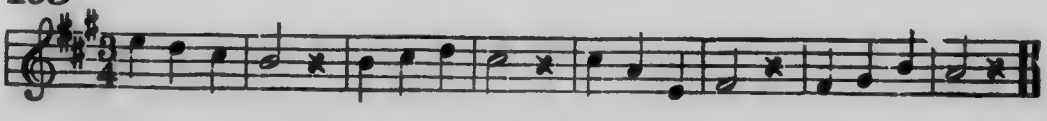

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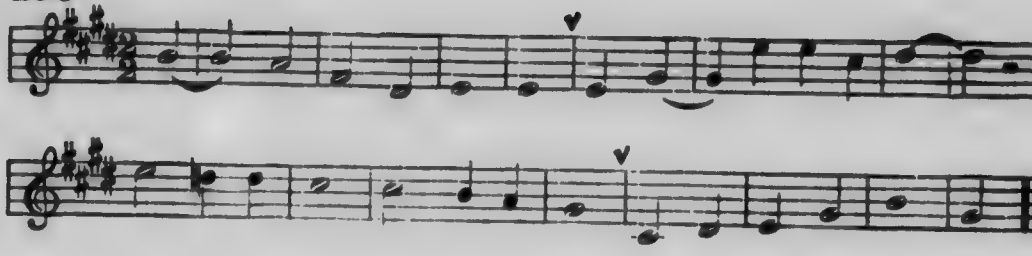

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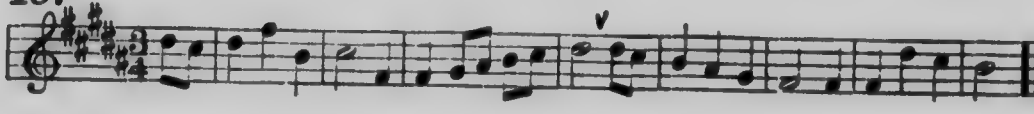

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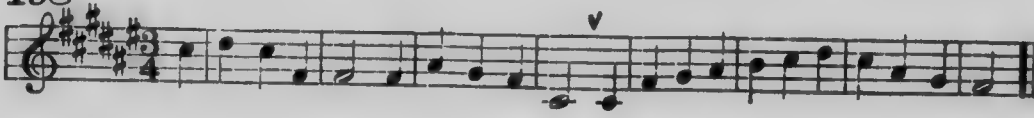

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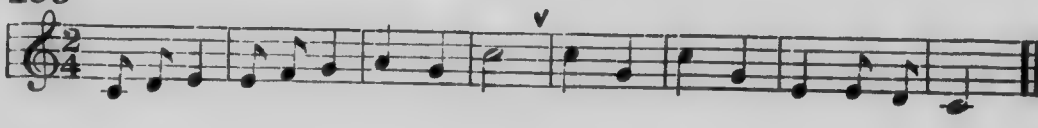

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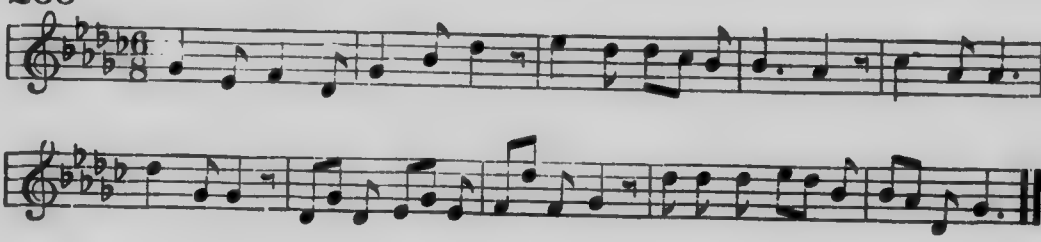

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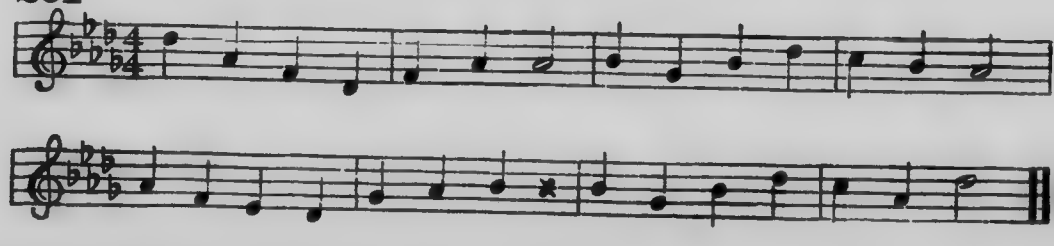

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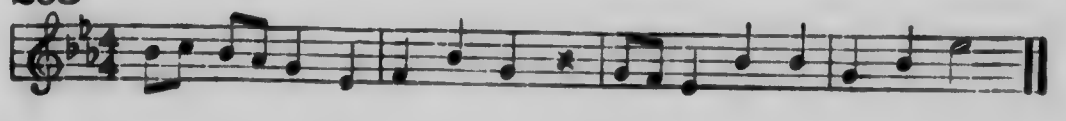

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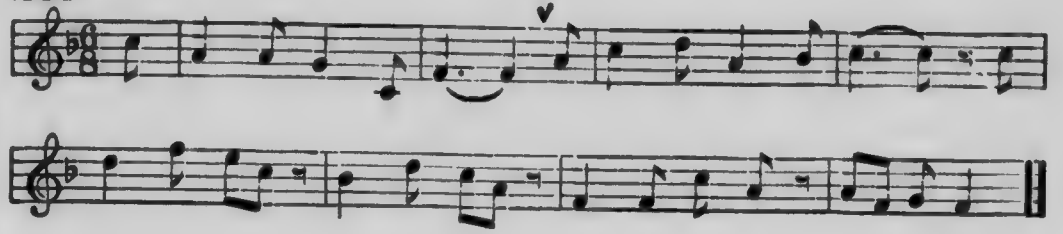

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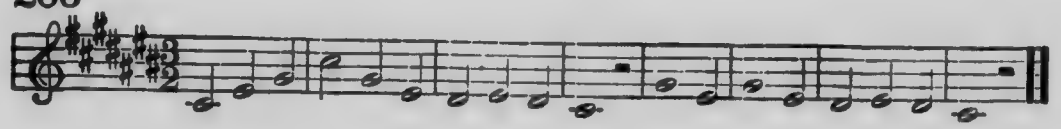

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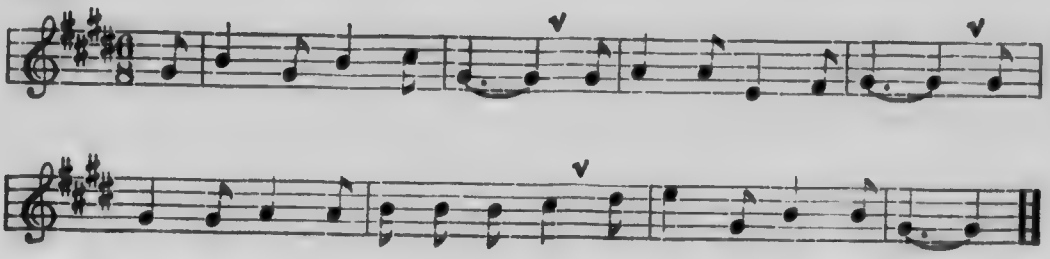

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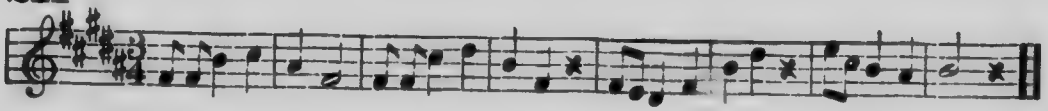

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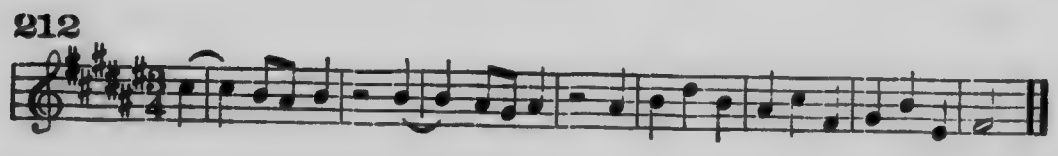

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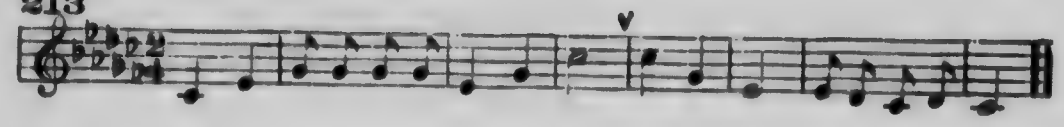

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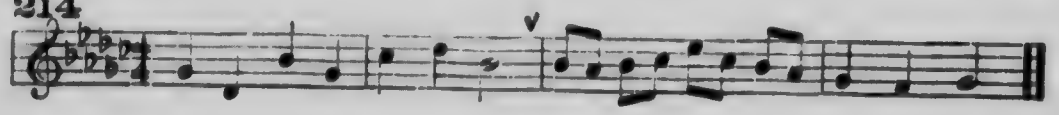

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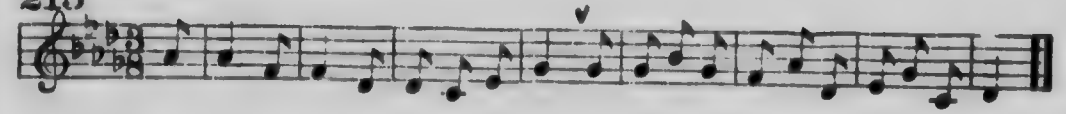

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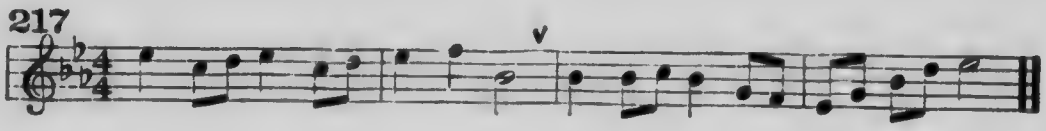

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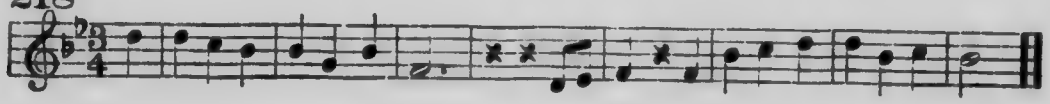

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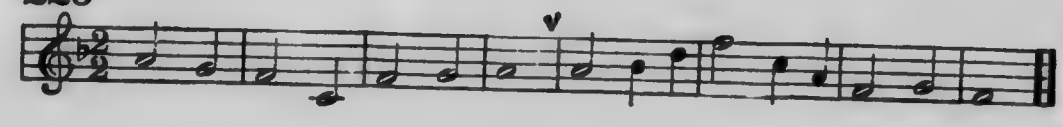

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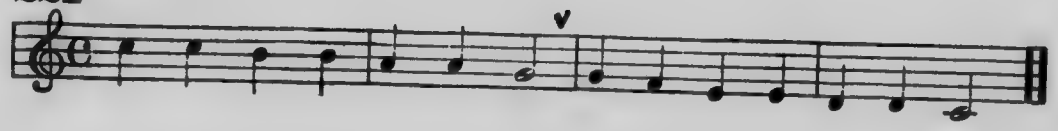

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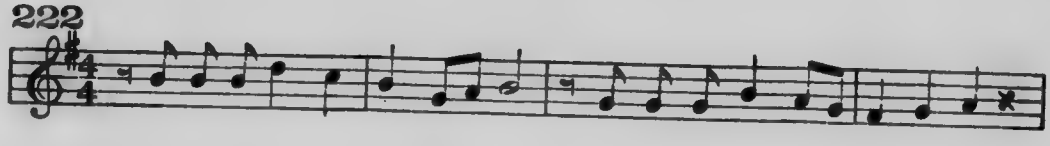

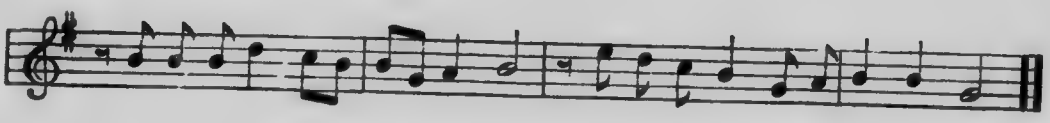

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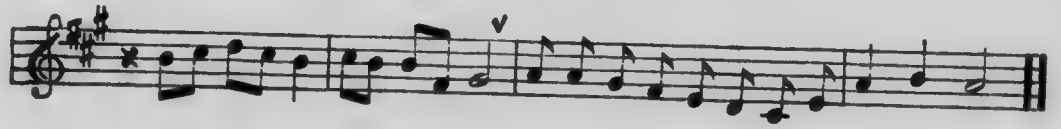

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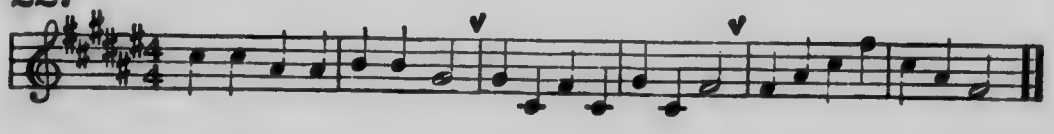

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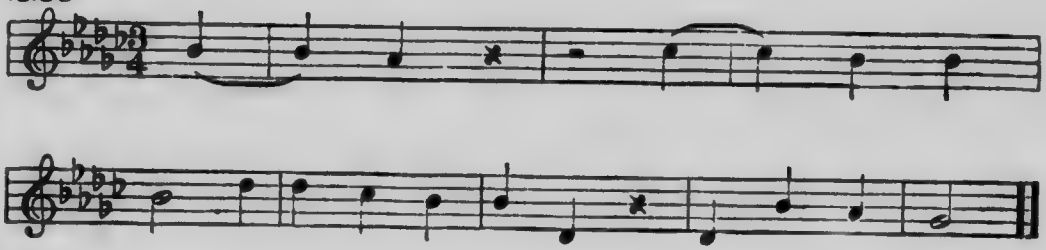

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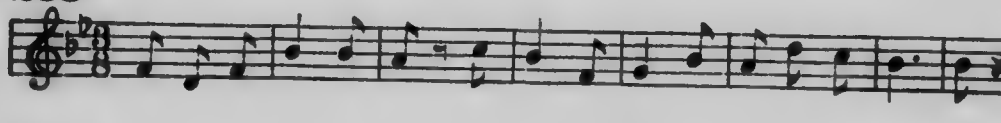

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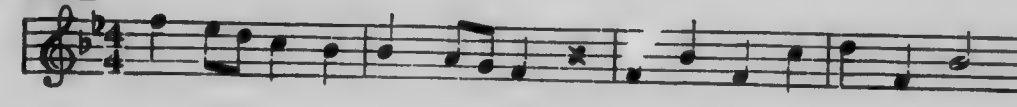

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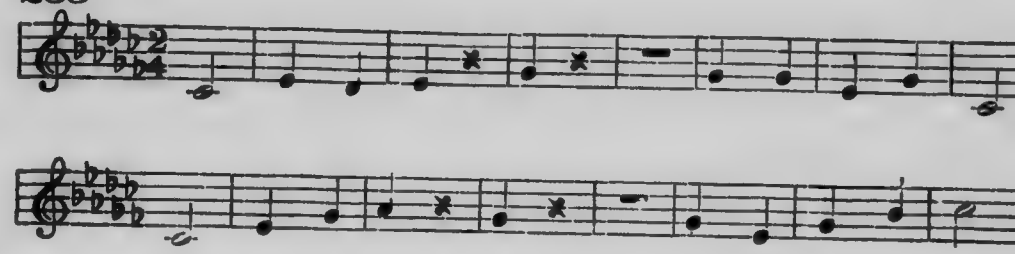

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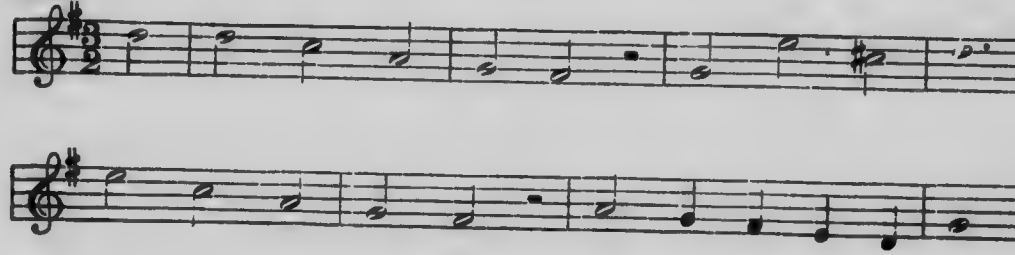

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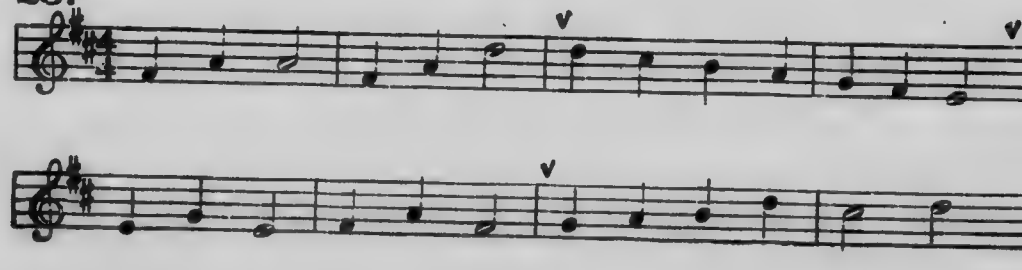

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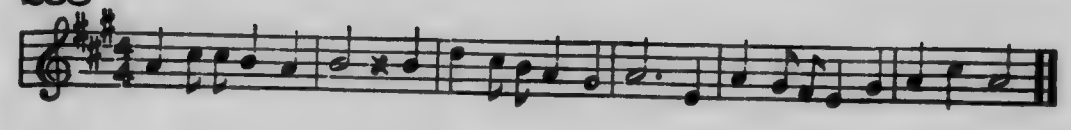

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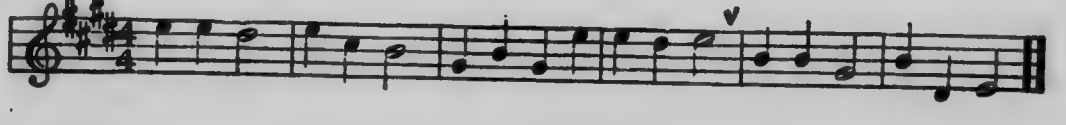

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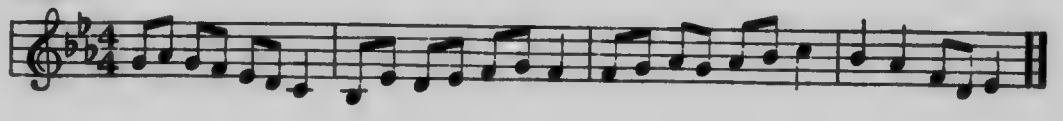

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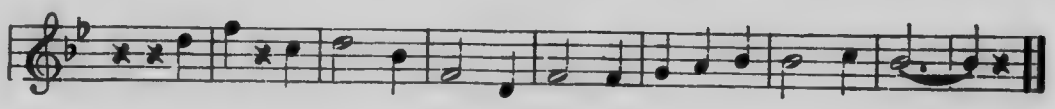

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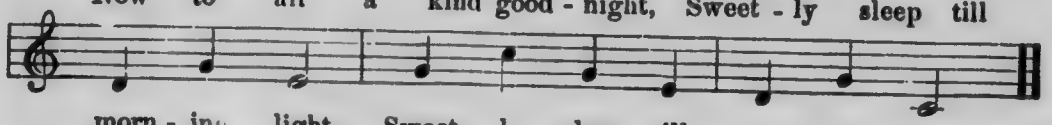
SONGS

NOW TO ALL A KIND GOOD NIGHT

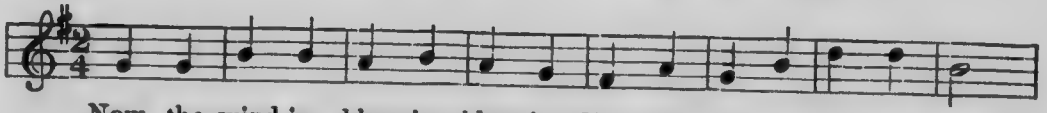
ENGLISH MELODY

Now to all a kind good - night, Sweet - ly sleep till

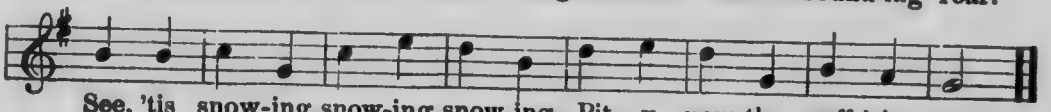


morn - ing light, Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light.

NOW THE WIND IS BLOWING

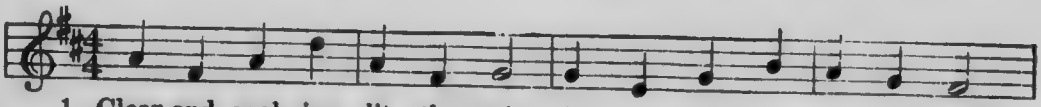


Now the wind is blow-ing, blow-ing, Hear its loud re-sound-ing roar.

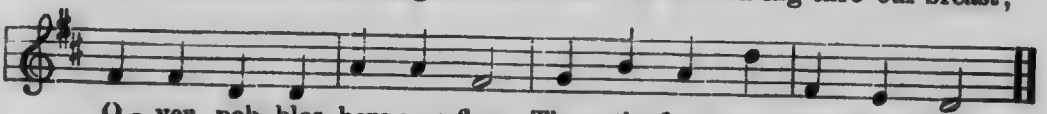


See, 'tis snow-ing, snow-ing, snow-ing, Pit - y now the suff-'ring poor.

CLEAR AND COOLING LITTLE SPRING

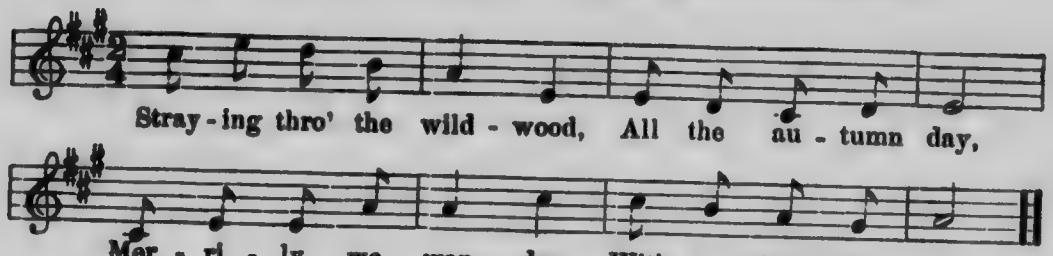


1. Clear and cool - ing lit - tle spring, O you spark-ling love- ly thing!
2. By your cool - ing spring we rest, Feel it stream-ing thro' our breast;



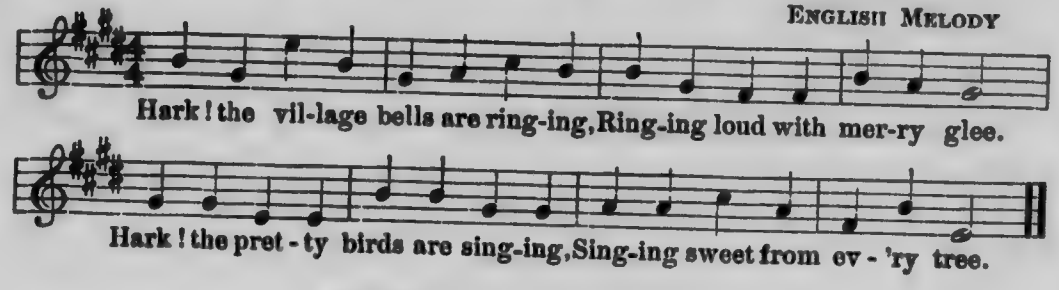
O - ver peb- bles here you flow, There the flow'rs a- round you blow.
On we go, with fresh de - sire, Of you we shall nev - er tire.

STRAYING THRO' THE WILDWOOD



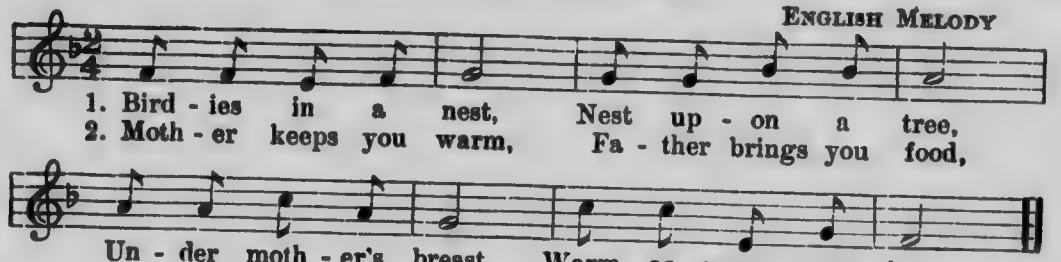
HARK THE BELLS ARE RINGING

English Melody



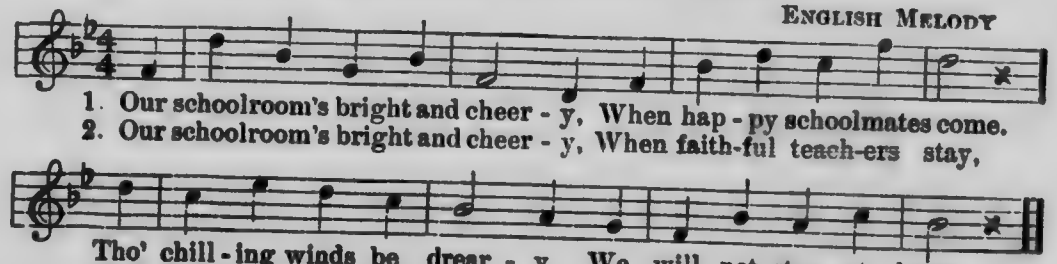
BIRDS IN A NEST

English Melody



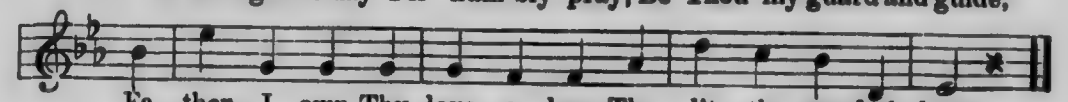
OUR SCHOOLROOM'S BRIGHT

English Melody



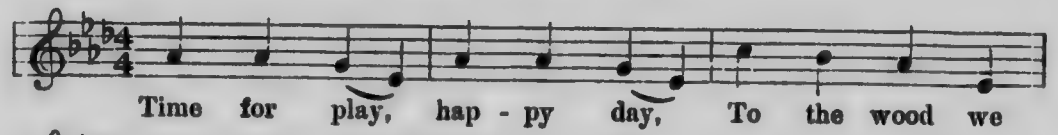
THE MORNING BRIGHT

1. The morn-ing bright, with ros - y light, Has waked me from my sleep;
2. All through the day I'll hum-bly pray, Be Thou my guard and guide,

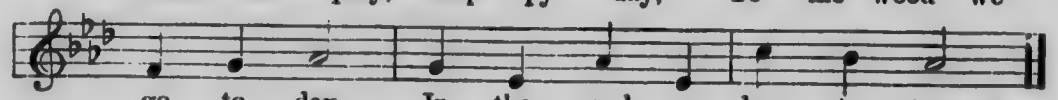


Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
My sins for - give and let me live, Blest Fa-ther, near Thy side.

TIME FOR PLAY



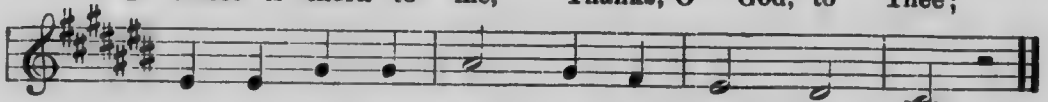
Time for play, hap - py day, To the wood we



go to - day, In the wood we love to stray.

BRIGHTLY GLOWS THE DAY

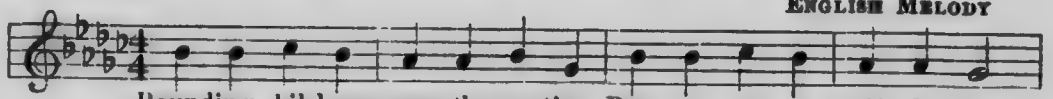
1. Bright - ly glows the day, Night has passed a - way;
2. Sweet is morn to me, Thanks, O God, to Thee;



Hap - py crea - tures wake, Songs the si - lence break.
Thou a guard has kept O'er me while I slept.

BOUNDING BILLOWS

English Melody



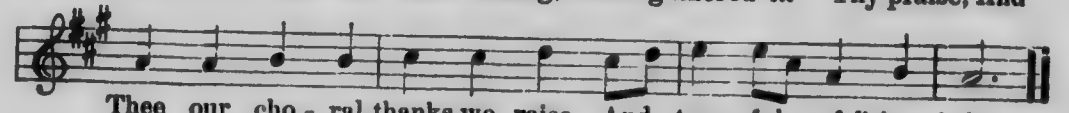
Bounding bil-lows, cease thy mo-tion, Bear me not so swift - ly o'er;

Cease thy mo-tion, foam-ing o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.

WITH EARLY MORNING LIGHT

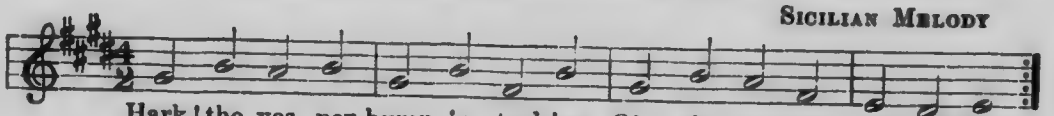
English Melody

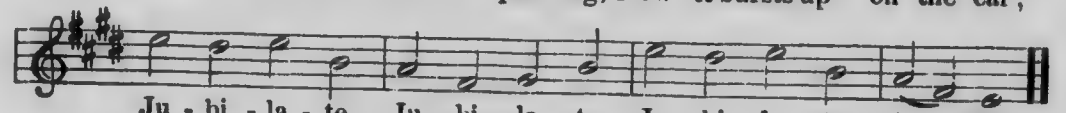
HOW SWEET TO SING THY PRAISE



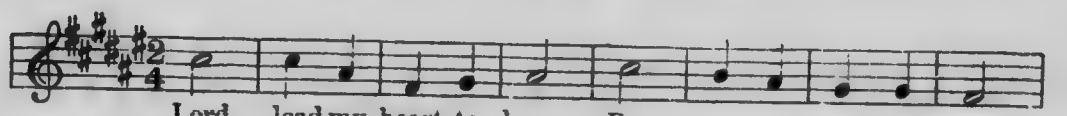
HARK THE VESPER HYMN

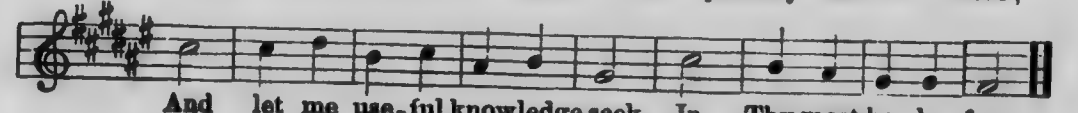
Sicilian Melody



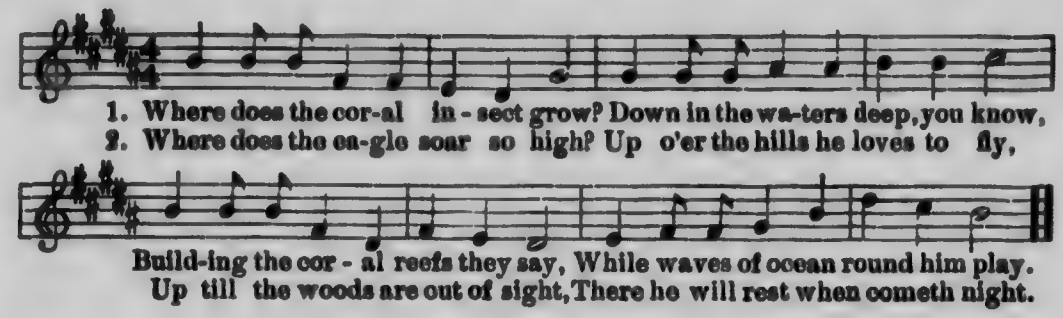


LORD LEAD MY HEART

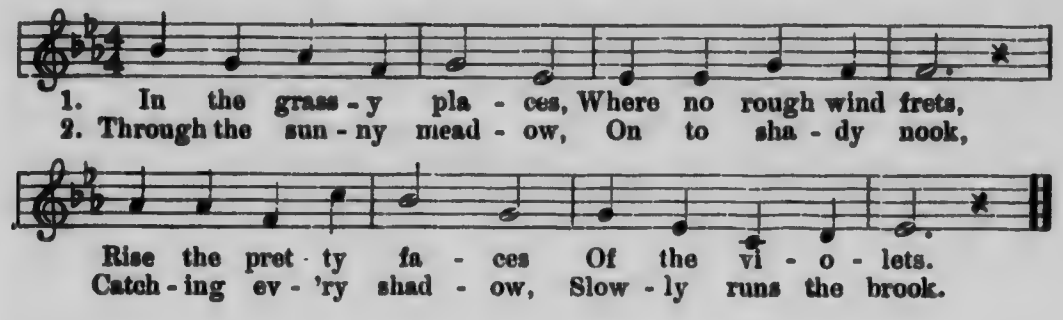




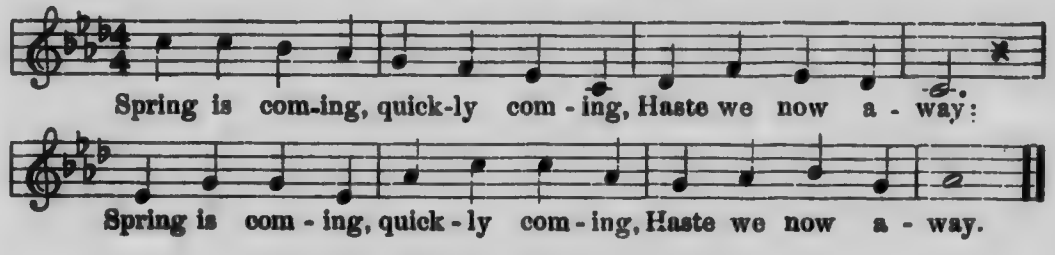
WHERE DOES THE CORAL INSECT GROW



IN THE GRASSY PLACES

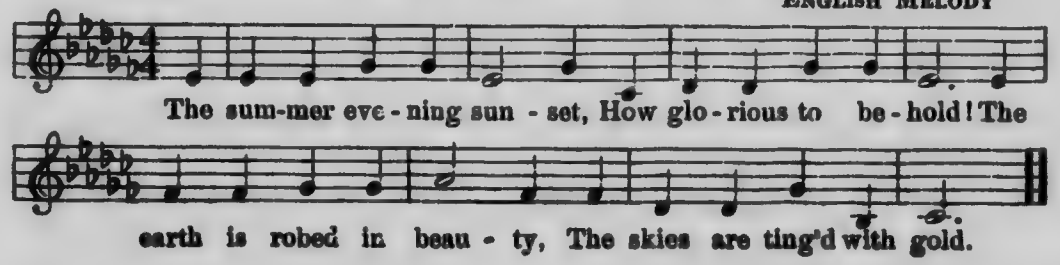


SPRING IS COMING



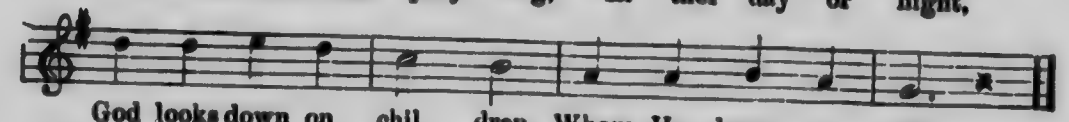
THE SUMMER EVENING

English Melody



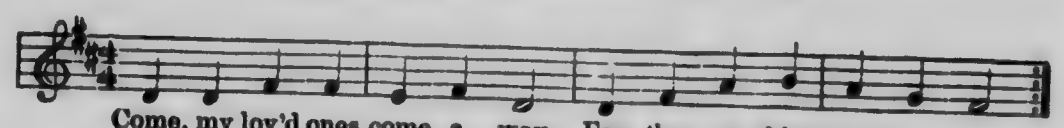
FROM THE FAR BLUE HEAVEN

1. From the far blue Heav - en, Where the an - gels dwell,
2. He will hear their pray - ing, El - ther day or night,

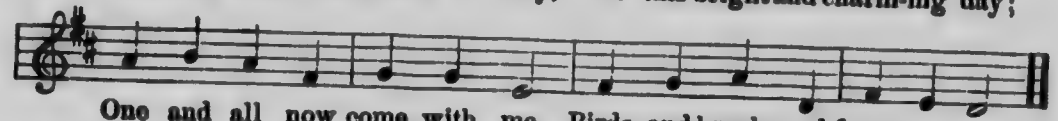


God looks down on chil - dren, Whom He loves so well.
And with gen - tle kind - ness, Guide their steps a - right.

COME MY LOVED ONES

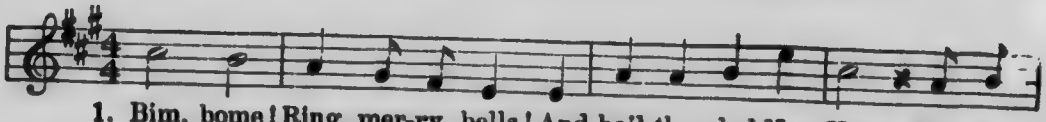


Come, my lov'd ones, come a - way, For the sun shines bright to - day;
Quick-ly haste and come a - way, On this bright and charm-ing day;

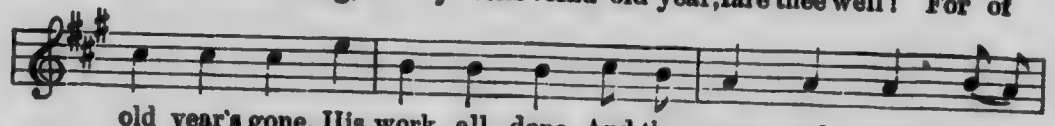


One and all now come with me, Birds and brooks and flow'rs to see.

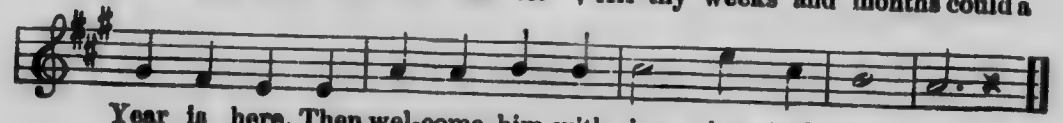
BIM BOME RING MERRY BELLS



1. Bim, bome! Ring, mer-ry bells! And hail the glad New Year, For the
2. Bim, bome! Ring, mer-ry bells! And old year, fare thee well! For of

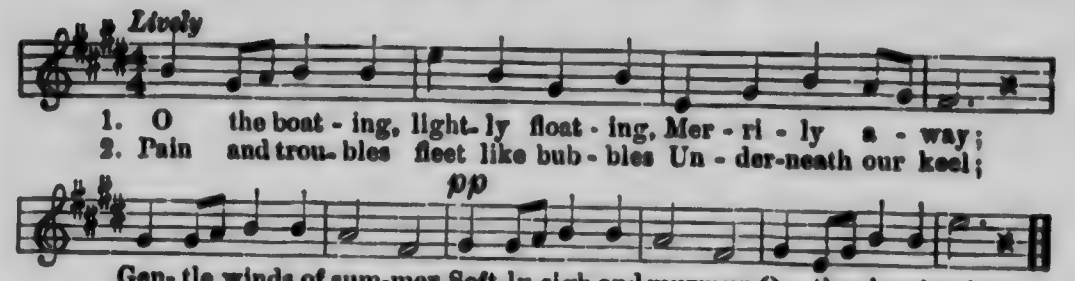


old year's gone, His work all done, And the young and bright New
griefs and fears, And toils and tes , All thy weeks and months could a



Year is here. Then wel-come him with ring - ing And sing - ing.
sto - ry tell. We leave thee both in sad - ness And glad - ness.

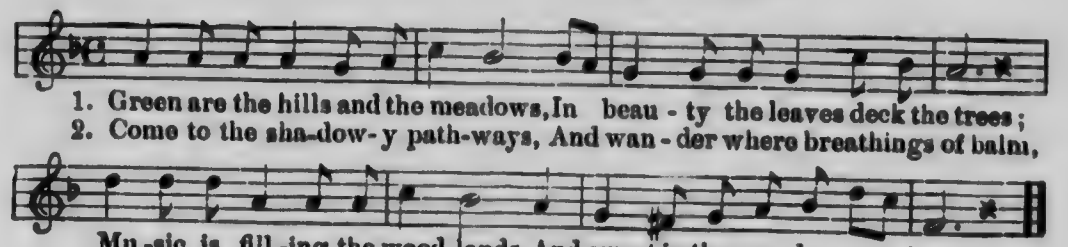
O THE BOATING



1. O the boat - ing, light - ly float - ing, Mer - ri - ly a - way;
2. Pain and trou - bles fleet like bub - bles Un - der-neath our keel;

Gen- tle winds of sum-mer, Soft-ly sigh and murmur, On the sleeping bay.
Care no lon-ger teas -es, Sweet the whisp'ring breezes Fresh and fragrant steal.

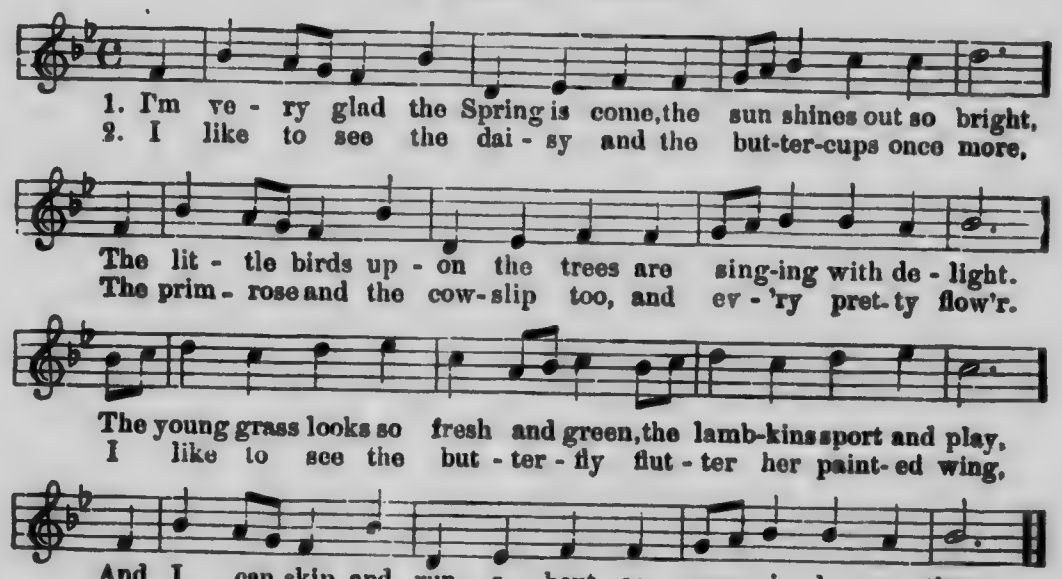
GREEN ARE THE HILLS



1. Green are the hills and the meadows, In beau - ty the leaves deck the trees;
2. Come to the sha-dow- y path-ways, And wan - der where breathings of balm,

Mu -sic is fill -ing the wood-lands, And sweet is the o - dor - ous breeze.
Min-gled with tunes of the brooklets, Float lightly thro' sol - i - tudes calm.

I'M VERY GLAD



1. I'm ve - ry glad the Spring is come, the sun shines out so bright,
2. I like to see the dai - sy and the but-ter-cups once more,

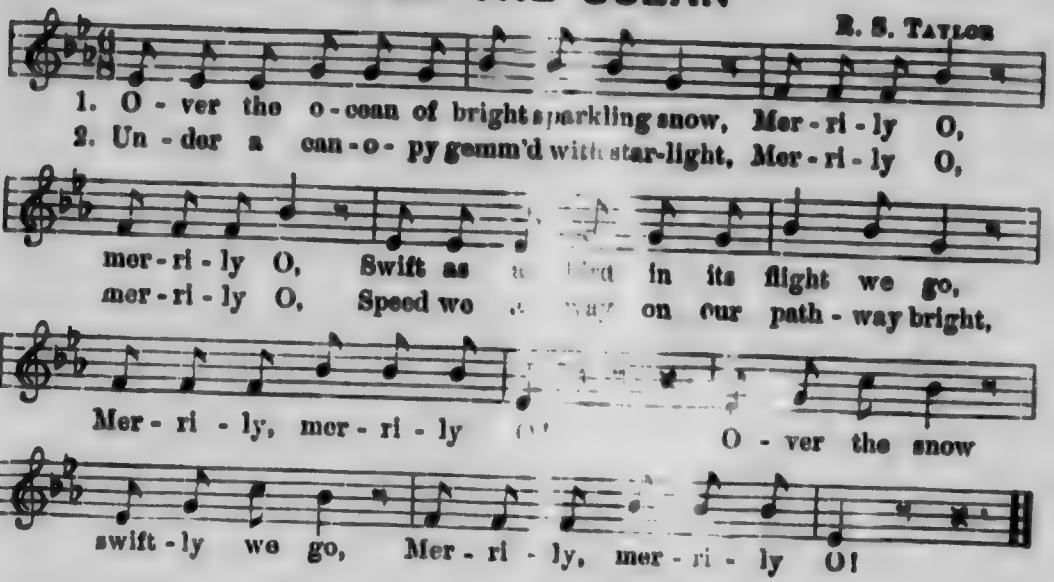
The lit - tle birds up - on the trees are sing-ing with de - light.
The prim - rose and the cow-slip too, and ev - 'ry pret-ty flow'r.

The young grass looks so fresh and green, the lamb-kins sport and play,
I like to see the but - ter - fly flut - ter her paint- ed wing,

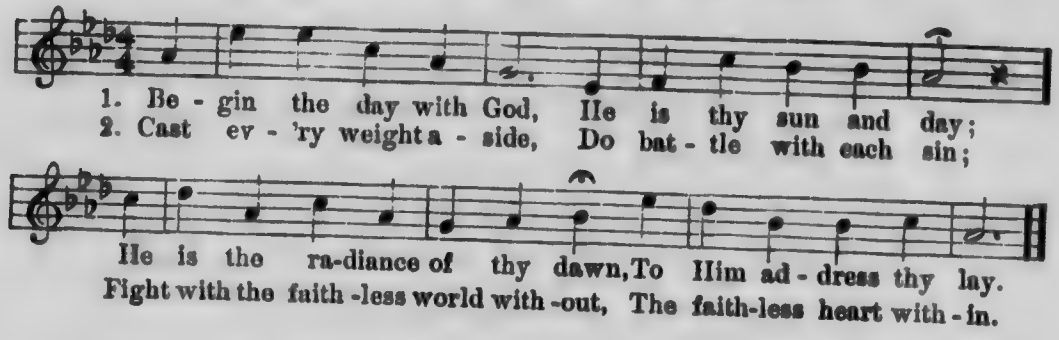
And I can skip and run a - bout as mer - ri - ly as they.
And all things seem just like my - self so glad to see the spring.

OVER THE OCEAN

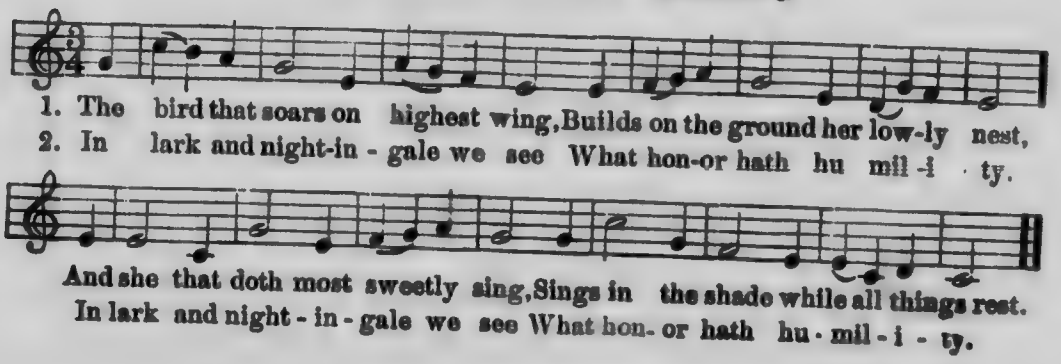
R. S. Taylor



BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD

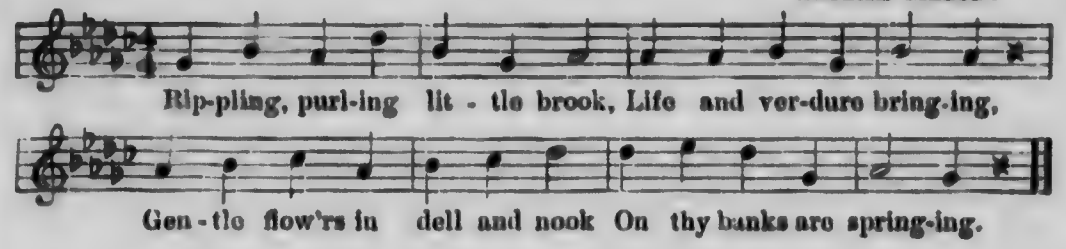


THE BIRD THAT SOARS



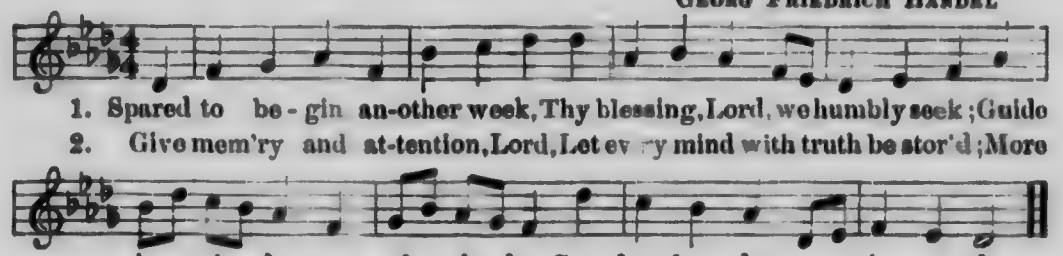
RIPPLING PURLING LITTLE BROOK

English Melody

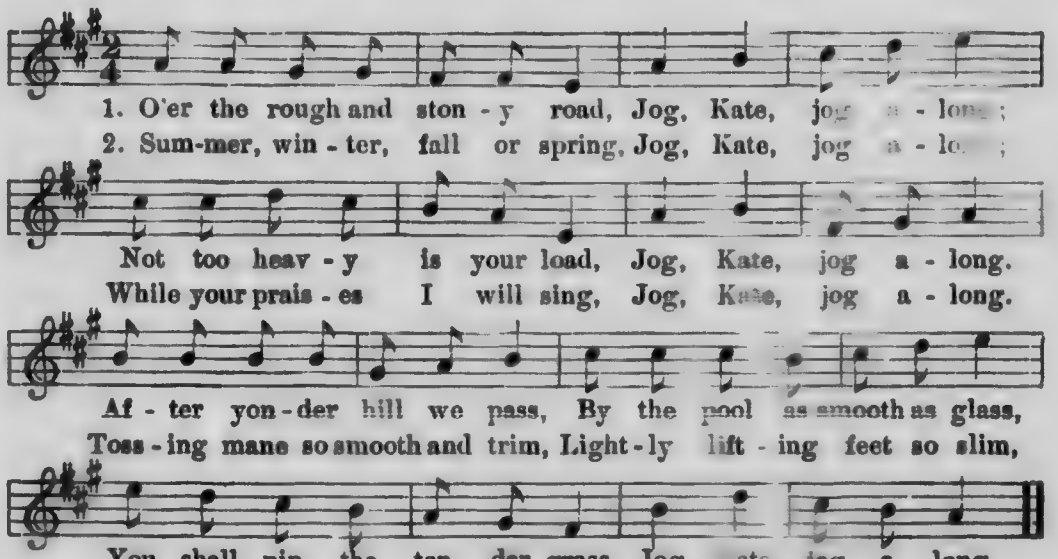


SPARED TO BEGIN ANOTHER WEEK

Georg Friedrich Handel

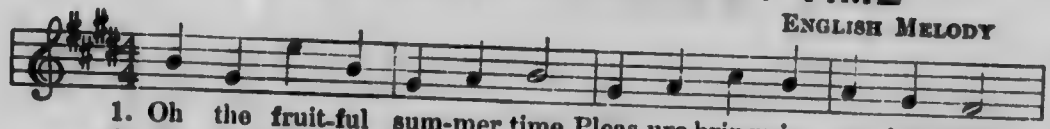


O'ER THE ROUGH AND STONY ROAD

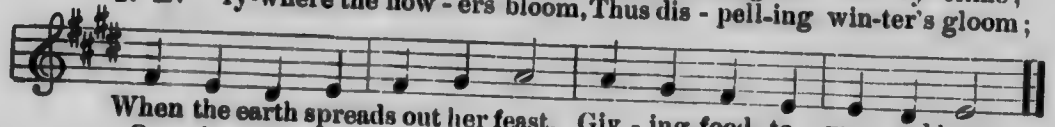


OH THE FRUITFUL SUMMER TIME

ENGLISH MELODY



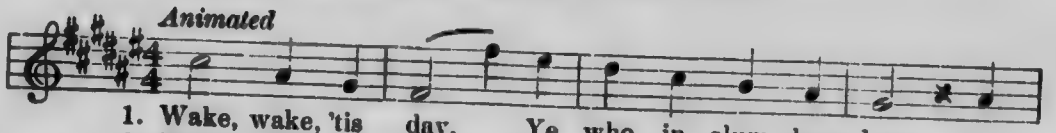
1. Oh the fruit-ful sum-mer time Pleas-ure brings in ev - 'ry clime;
2. Ev - 'ry-where the flow - ers bloom, Thus dis - pell-ing win-ter's gloom;



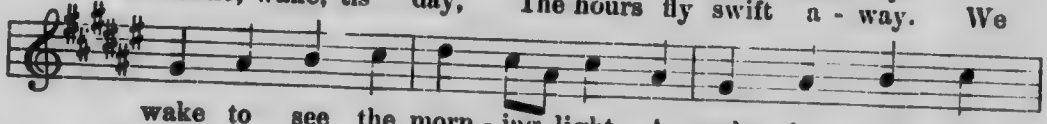
When the earth spreads out her feast, Giv - ing food to man and beast.
On the hills and in the vales, Pleas - ant fra-grance nev-er fails.

WAKE WAKE 'TIS DAY

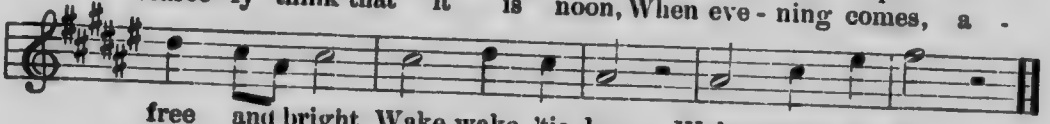
Animated



1. Wake, wake, 'tis day, Ye who in slum - ber lay. A -
2. Wake, wake, 'tis day, The hours fly swift a - way. We

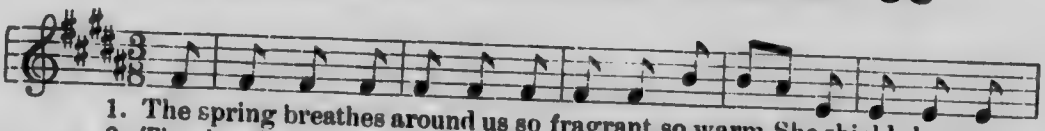


wake to see the morn - ing light, A - wake in spir - it
scarce - ly think that it is noon, When eve - ning comes, a -

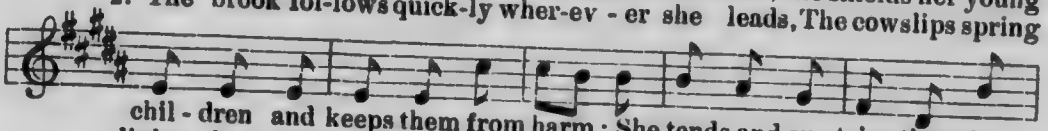


free and bright. Wake, wake, 'tis day, Wake, wake, 'tis day.
las, how soon! Wake, wake, 'tis day, Wake, wake, 'tis day.

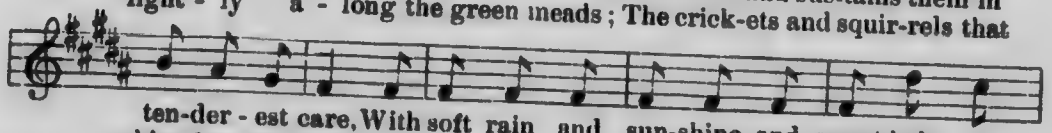
THE SPRING BREATHES AROUND US



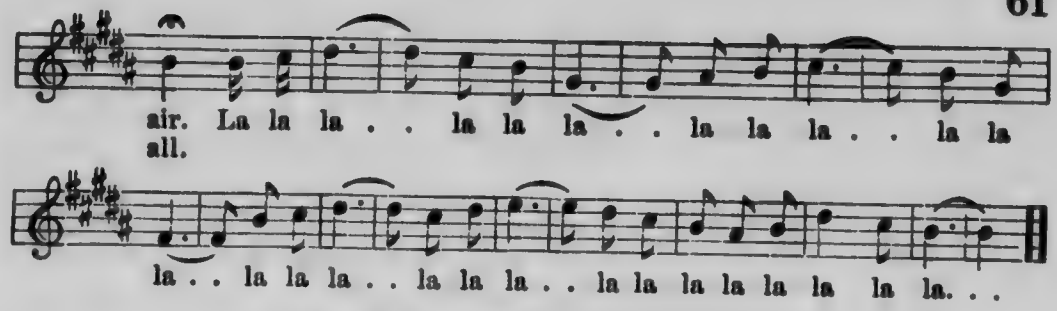
1. The spring breathes around us so fragrant, so warm, She shields her young
2. The brook fol-lows quick-ly wher-ev - er she leads, The cowslips spring



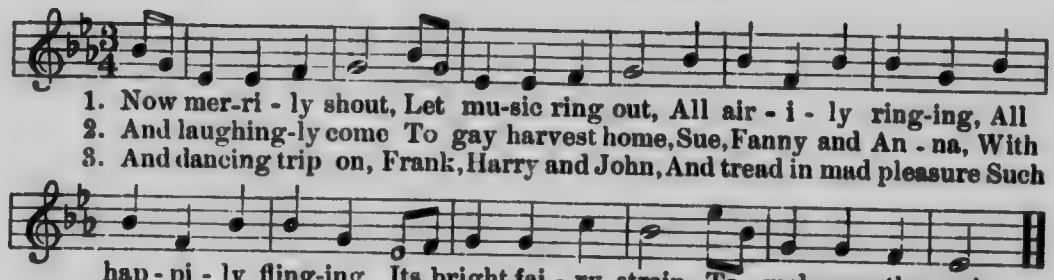
chil - dren and keeps them from harm; She tends and sus-tains them in
light - ly a - long the green meads; The crick-ets and squir-rels that



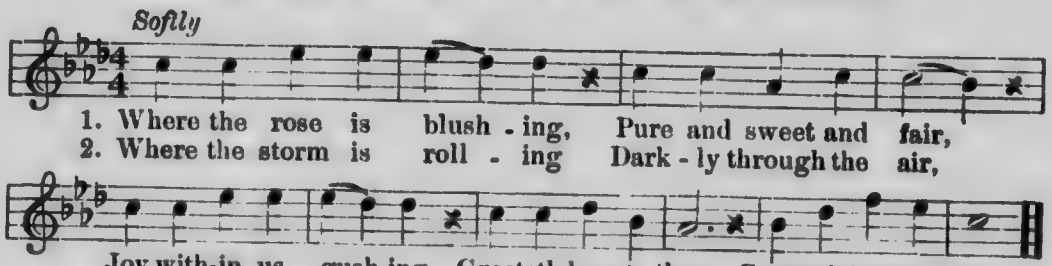
ten-der - est care, With soft rain and sun-shine and sweet balm - y
chirp from the wall, She feeds and pro - tects them and nour - ish - es



NOW MERRILY SHOUT

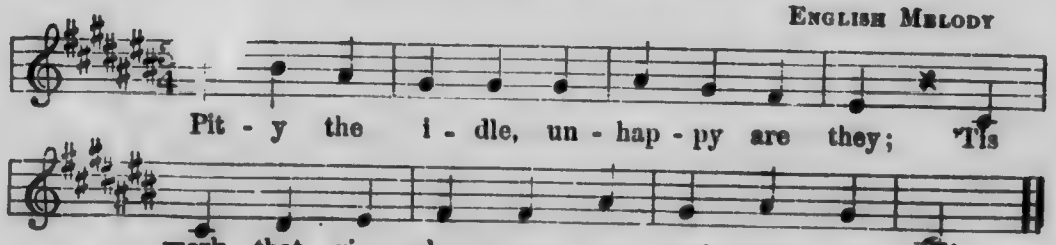


WHERE THE ROSE IS BLUSHING

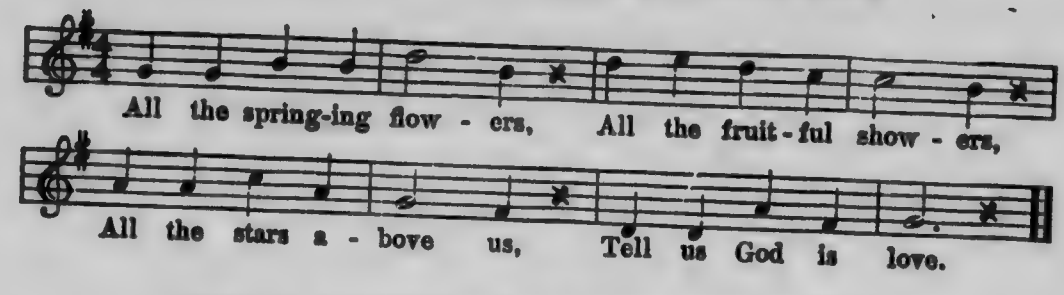


PITY THE IDLE

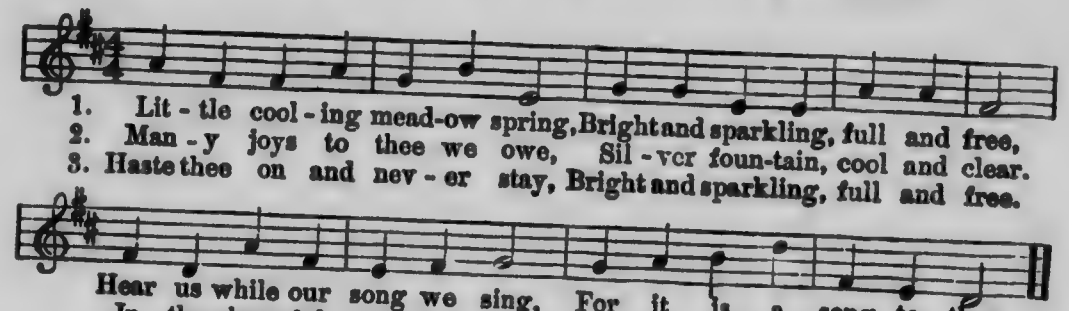
English Melody



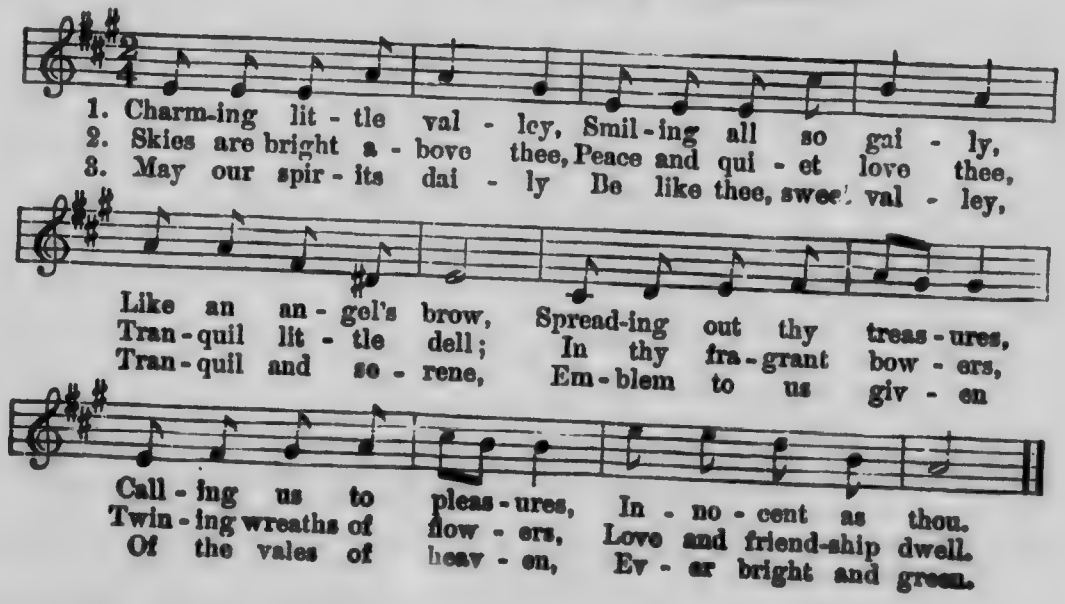
ALL THE SPRINGING FLOWERS



LITTLE COOLING MEADOW SPRING



CHARMING LITTLE VALLEY



THE DIAMONDS GLEAM

1. The dia-monds gleam in the sun's bright beam, As mer - ri - ly
2. Our sleigh-bells sing with a sil - v'ry ring, The mel - o - dy
3. The trees fly past, and the win - try blast, With i - ci - cle

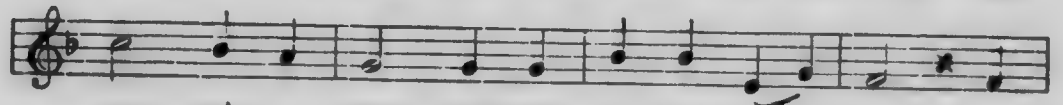
forth we go, With eyes whose light from the heart is bright, As we
well we know; Our steeds keep time to the mer - ry chime, As we
breath may blow; In fur's warm fold we de - fy the cold, As we

ride o'er the pure white snow. Yo - ho! yo - ho! yo -
ride o'er the field of snow. Yo - ho! yo - ho! yo -
glide o'er the clear white snow. Yo - ho! yo - ho! yo -

ho! yo - ho! As we ride o'er the pure white snow.
ho! yo - ho! As we ride o'er the field of snow.
ho! yo - ho! As we glide o'er the clear white snow.

GOOD-NIGHT

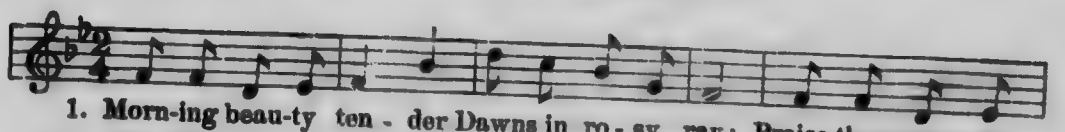
Good - night to you all And sweet be your sleep. May



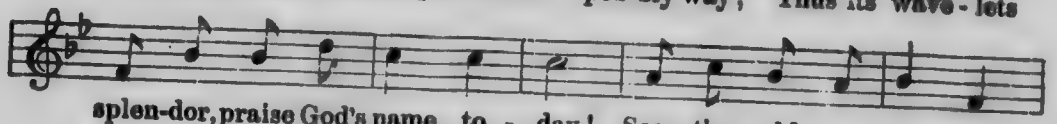
an - gels a - round you Their si - lent watch keep. Good -

night, good - night, good - night, good - night.

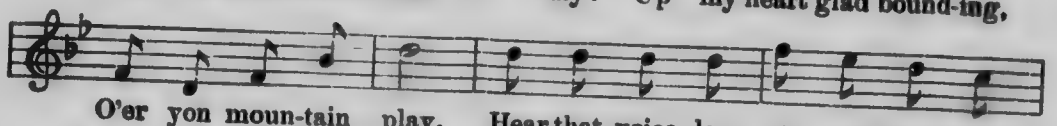
MORNING BEAUTY



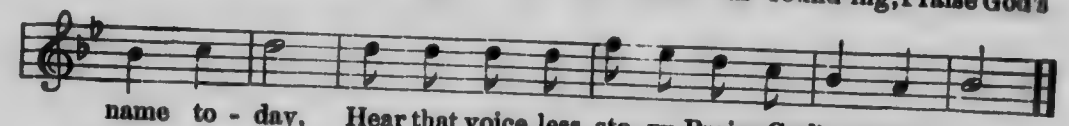
1. Morn-ing beau-ty ten - der Dawns in ro - sy ray: Praise the source of
2. Rip-pling brook that crispeth O'er a peb-bly way; Thus its wave - lets



splen-dor, praise God's name to - day! See the gold - en glo - ry
lisp - eth, praise God's name to - day! Up my heart glad bound-ing,



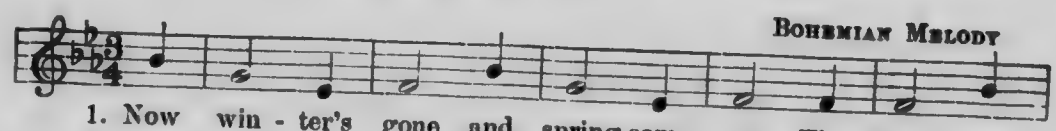
O'er yon moun-tain play, Hear that voice- less sto - ry, Praise God's
In the morn- ing ray, In the life sur -round-ing, Praise God's



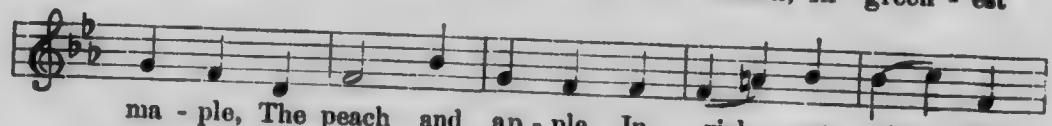
name to - day, Hear that voice-less sto -ry, Praise God's name to- day.
name to - day, In the life sur-rounding, Praise God's name to-day.

NOW WINTER'S GONE

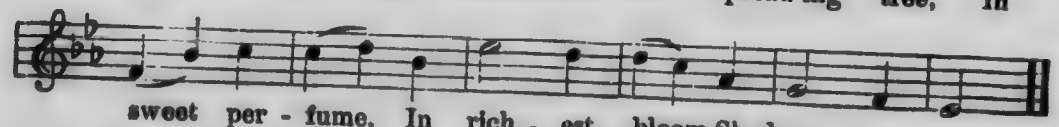
Bohemian Melody



1. Now win - ter's gone and spring comes on; The flow'r - ing
2. From sun - ny heath we cull a wreath, In green - est



ma - ple, The peach and ap - ple, In rich - est bloom Shed
mead - ow We twine, in shad - ow Of spread-ing tree, In



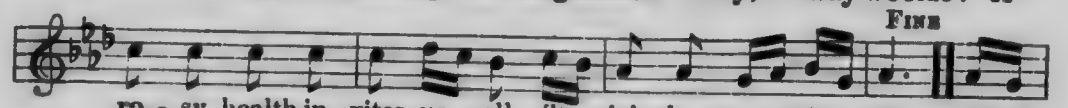
sweet per - fume, In rich - est bloom Shed sweet per - fume.
joy and glee, Of spread - ing tree, In joy and glee.

WHEN SOUTHERN BREEZES

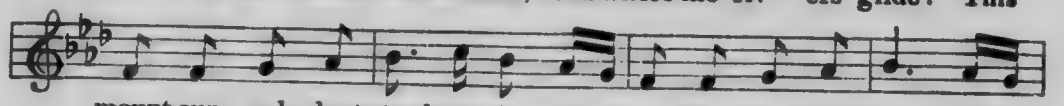
FRENCH MELODY

1. When south-ern breez-es round us play, The up-lands let us gain, Where
2. All through the arch-ing for-est glades, A - way, a - way we ride! A -

FINE



ro - sy health in - vites us all To join her spor-tive train. We'll
cross the mea-dows, o'er the hills, And where the riv - ers glide! This



mount our gal - lant steeds, my boys, And scent the fra-grant gale, The
love - ly sum-mer day, my boys, We'll gai - ly take our race, The

* *Da Capo*

mel - low horn shall wake the morn, And ech - o thro' the vale.
winds are chas- ing clouds a - way, The shad-ows flee a - pace.

* *D. C.* or *Da Capo* means return to the beginning and end at FINE.

SWIFTLY OUR VESSEL GLIDES

ENGLISH MELODY

Swift - ly our ves - sel glides o'er the sea.

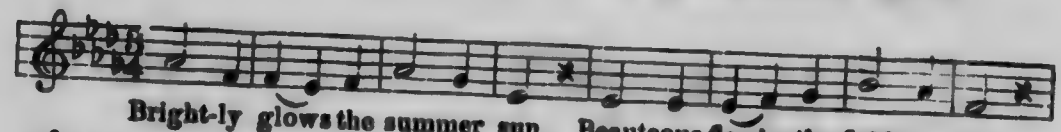
Fair winds will waft us, dear home, to thee.

WELCOME WELCOME

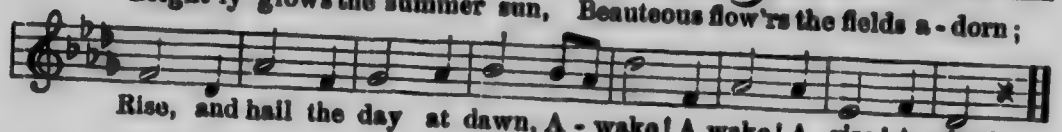
Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come May, That is what the

chil - dren say, Come and join our round - e - lay.

BRIGHTLY GLOWS THE SUMMER SUN

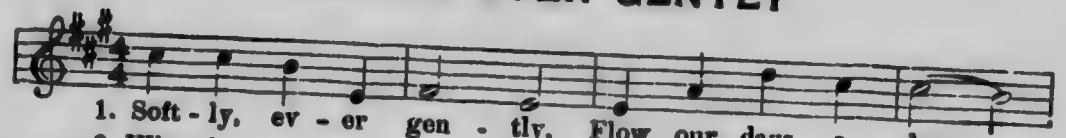


Bright-ly glows the summer sun, Beauteous flow'rs the fields a - dorn;

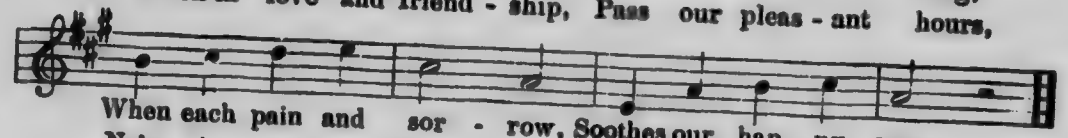


Rise, and hail the day at dawn, A - wake! A-wake! A - rise! A - rise!

SOFTLY EVER GENTLY



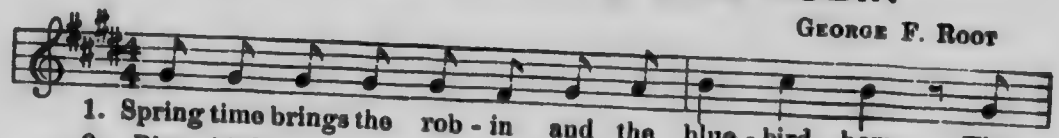
1. Soft - ly, ev - er gen - tly, Flow our days a - long,
2. When in love and friend - ship, Pass our pleas - ant hours,



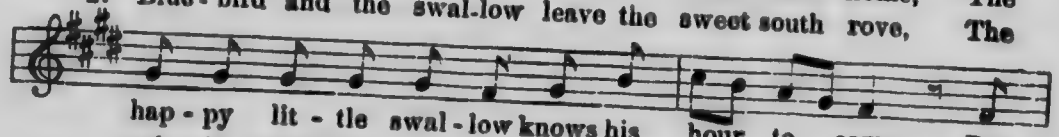
When each pain and sor - row, Soothes our hap - py song.
Ne'er the path is thorn - y, Ev - er strewn with flowers.

SPRINGTIME BRINGS THE ROBIN

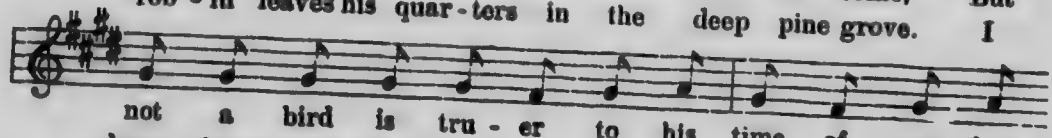
George F. Root



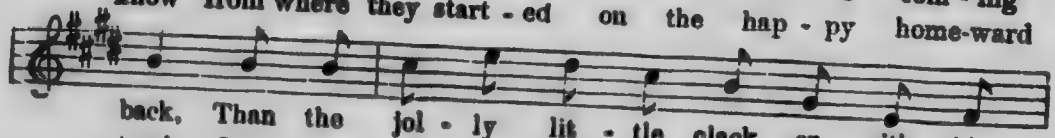
1. Spring time brings the rob - in and the blue - bird home, The
2. Blue - bird and the swal-low leave the sweet south rove, The



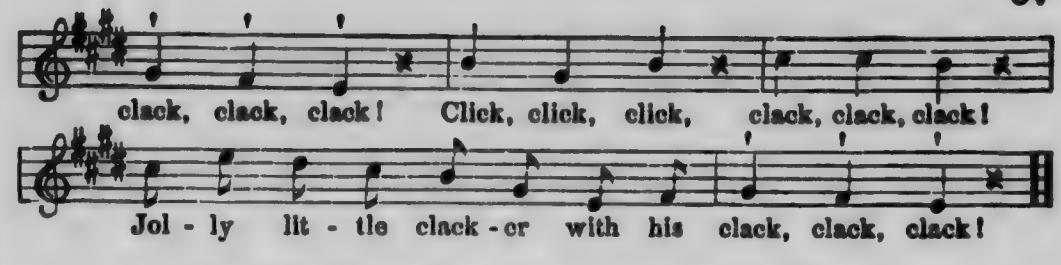
hap - py lit - tle swal - low knows his hour to come, But
rob - in leaves his quar - ters in the deep pine grove. I



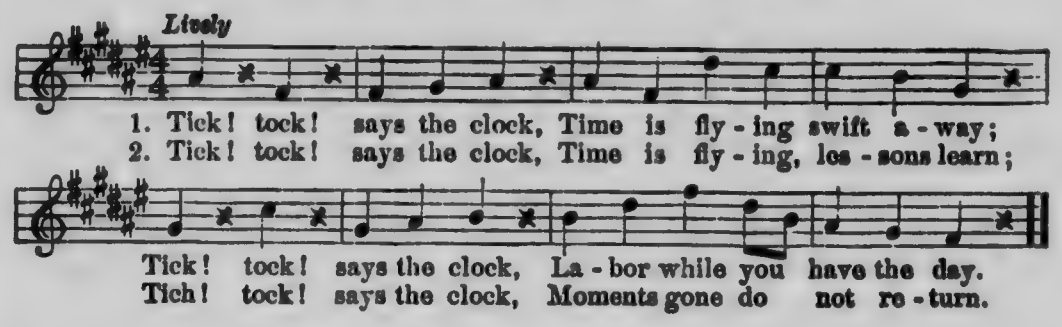
not a bird is tru - er to his time of com - ing
know from where they start - ed on the hap - py home-ward



back, Than the jol - ly lit - tle clack - er with his
track, But where all the win - ter sleep - ing stays the

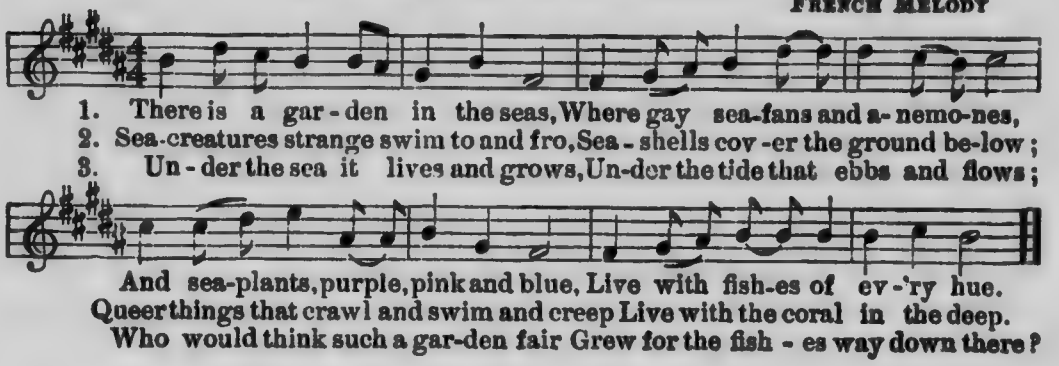


TICK TOCK SAYS THE CLOCK

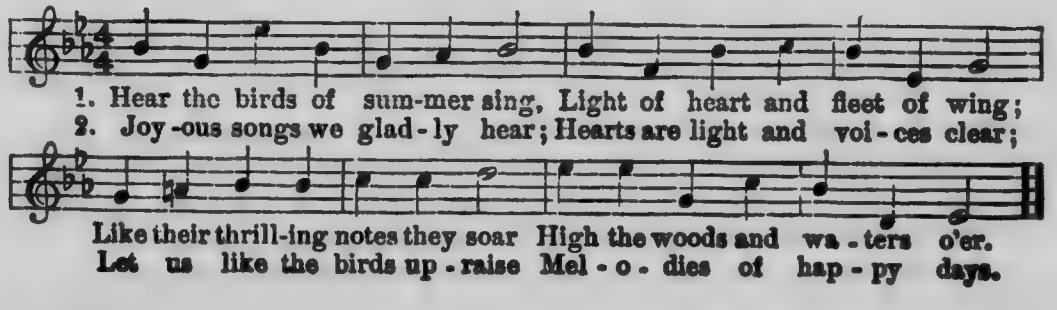


THERE IS A GARDEN

FRENCH MELODY

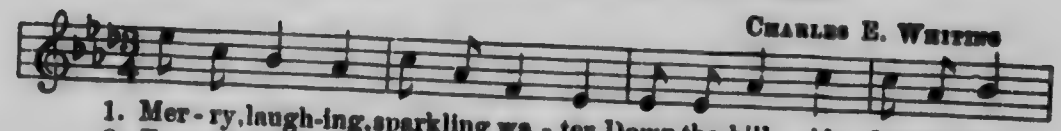


HEAR THE BIRDS OF SUMMER SING

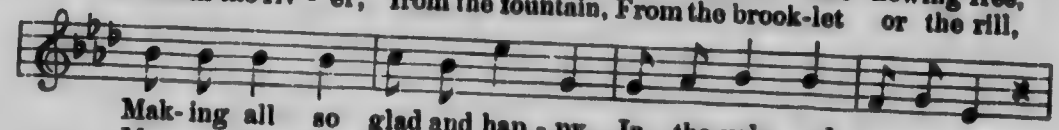


MERRY SPARKLING WATER

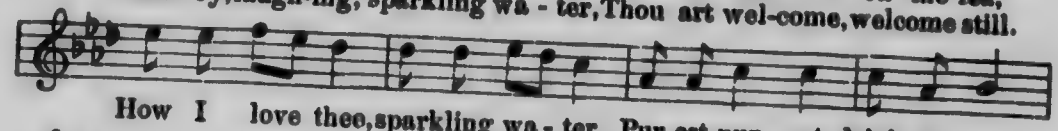
Charles E. Whiting



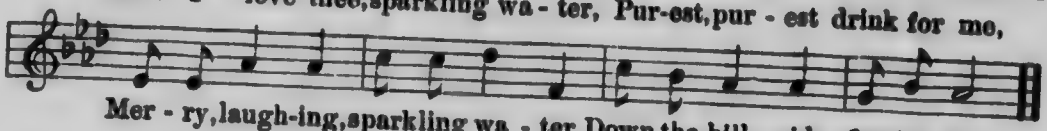
1. Mer - ry, laugh-ing, sparkling wa - ter, Down the hill - side flowing free,
2. From the riv - er, from the fountain, From the brook-let or the rill,



Mak- ing all so glad and hap - py, In the vale and on the lea,
Mer - ry, laugh-ing, sparkling wa - ter, Thou art wel-come, welcome still.



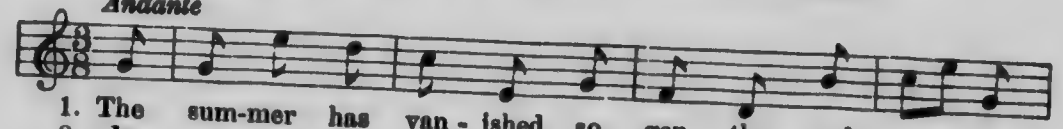
How I love thee, sparkling wa - ter, Pur-est, pur - est drink for me,



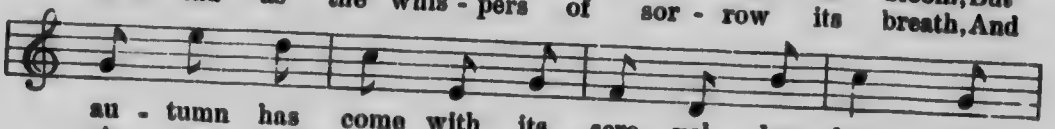
Mer - ry, laugh-ing, sparkling wa - ter, Down the hill - side flowing free.

THE SUMMER HAS VANISHED

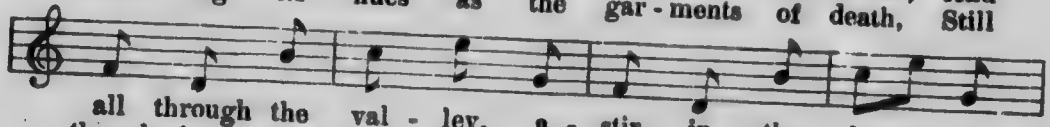
Andante



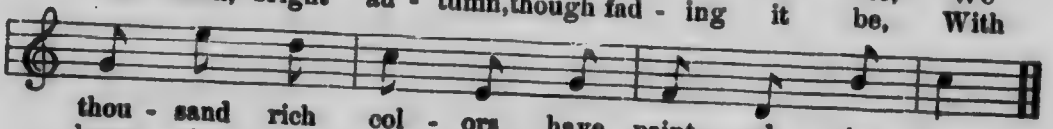
1. The sum-mer has van - ished so gen - tle and brief, The
2. In red and in or - ange the leaves seem to bloom, But
3. Tho' sad as the whis - pers of sor - row its breath, And



au - tumn has come with its sere yel - low leaf, And
win - ter, cold win - ter, has spok - en their doom, And
touch - ing its hues as the gar - ments of death, Still



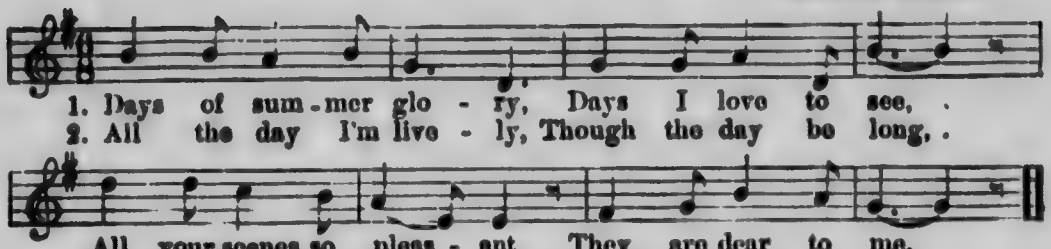
all through the val - ley, a - stir in the breeze, A
though they may seem with the ru - by to vie, We
au - tumn, bright au - tumn, though fad - ing it be, With



thou - sand rich col - ors have paint - ed the trees.
know that their beau - ty blooms on - ly to die.
fruits and with flow - ers is wel - come to me.

DAYS OF SUMMER GLORY

English Melody

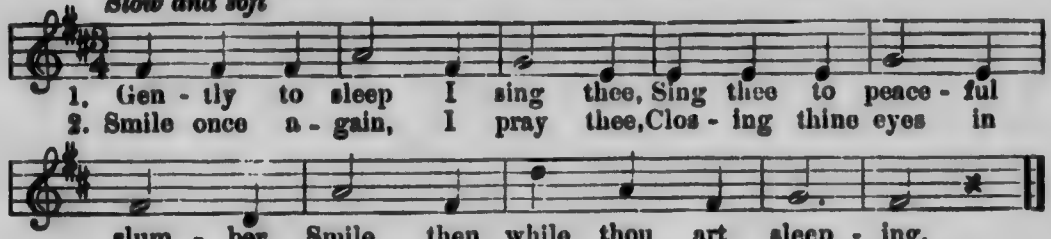


1. Days of sum - mer glo - ry, Days I love to see,
2. All the day I'm live - ly, Though the day be long,

All your scenes so pleas - ant, They are dear to me.
And from morn till even - ing Sounds my hap - py song.

GENTLY TO SLEEP I SING THEE

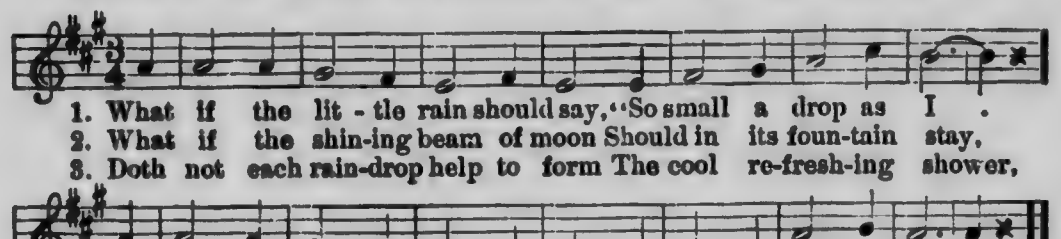
Slow and soft



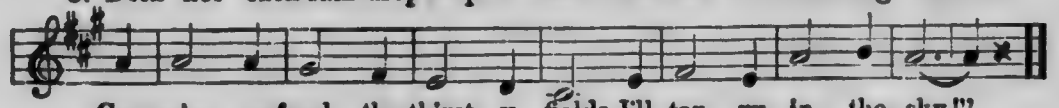
1. Gen - tly to sleep I sing thee, Sing thee to peace - ful
2. Smile once a - gain, I pray thee, Clos - ing thine eyes in

slum - ber, Smile then while thou art sleep - ing.
slum - ber, Sweet - ly sleep as I guard thee.

WHAT IF THE LITTLE RAIN SHOULD SAY

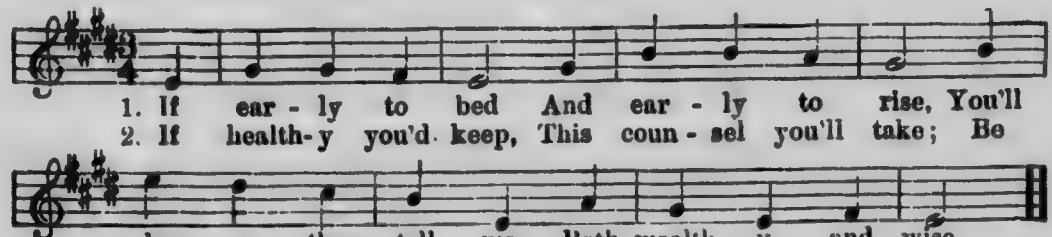


1. What if the lit - tle rain should say, "So small a drop as I
2. What if the shin-ing beam of moon Should in its foun-tain stay,
3. Doth not each rain-drop help to form The cool re-fresh-ing shower,



Can ne'er re-fresh the thirst - y fields, I'll tar - ry in the sky!"
Be- cause its fee - ble light a - lone Can-not cre- ate a day!
And ev - 'ry ray of light to warm And beau- ti - fy the flower?

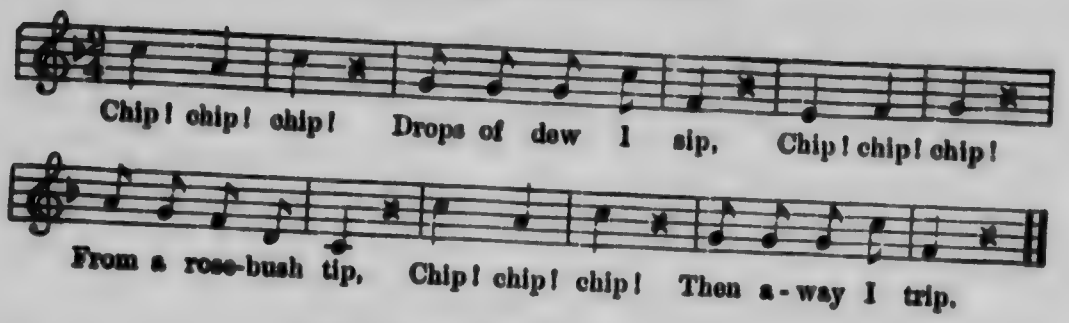
IF EARLY TO BED



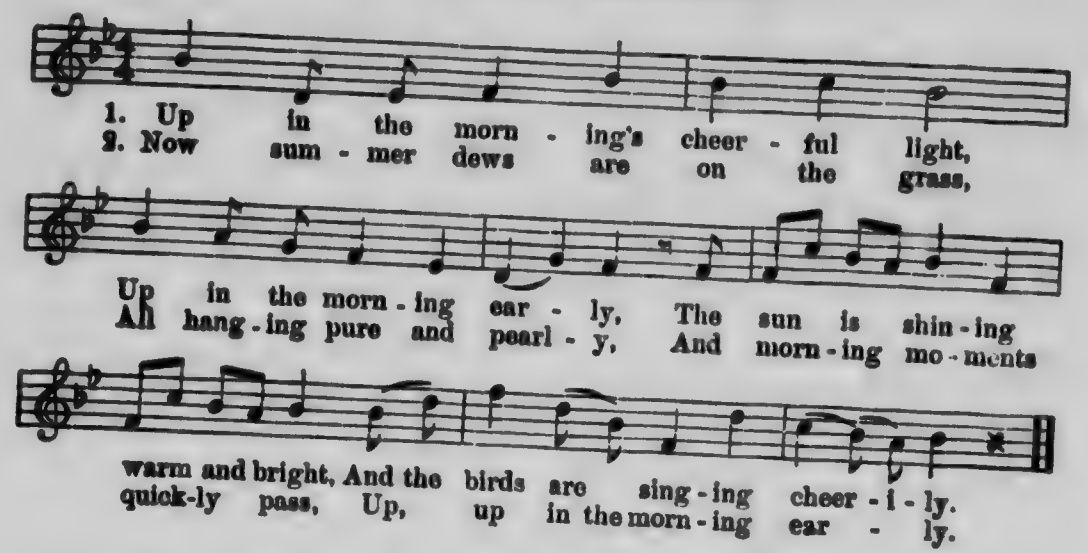
1. If ear - ly to bed And ear - ly to rise, You'll
2. If health-y you'd keep, This coun - sel you'll take; Be

be as they tell me, Both wealth - y and wise.
ear - ly a - sleep And be ear - ly a - wake.

CHIP CHIP CHIP

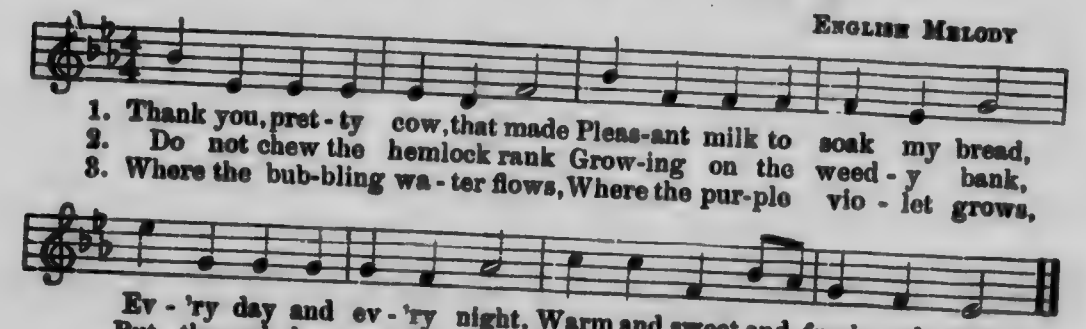


UP IN THE MORNING



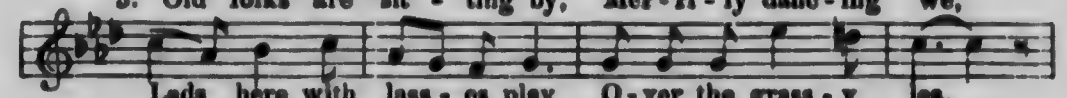
THANK YOU PRETTY COW

English Melody



UNDER THE MAYPOLE

1. Un - der the May - pole gay, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we,
2. All a-round to - geth-er we go, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we,
3. Old folks are sit - ting by, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we,

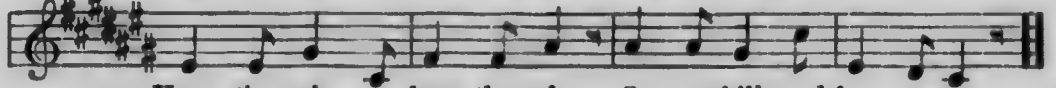


Lads here with lass - es play, O - ver the grass - y lea,
May blooms to each we throw, O - ver the grass - y lea,
Bright shines the May - day sky, O - ver the grass - y lea,

Lads here with lass - es play, O - ver the grass - y lea.
May blooms to each we throw, O - ver the grass - y lea.
Bright shines the May - day sky, O - ver the grass - y lea.

MERRILY GREET THE MORN

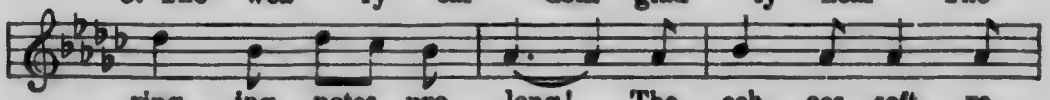
Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri-ly greet the morn; Cheerily, cheeri-ly sound the horn;



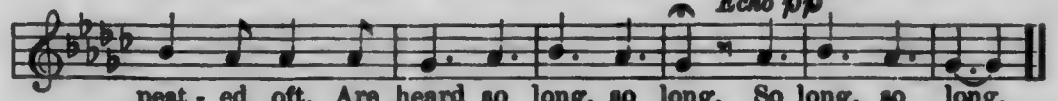
Hear the ech - oes, how they play O - ver hills and far a-way.

HOW SWEET TO HEAR THE BUGLE CLEAR

1. How sweet to hear the bu - gle clear Its
2. And ev - 'ry tree the eye can see Is
3. The wea - ry ear doth glad - ly hear The



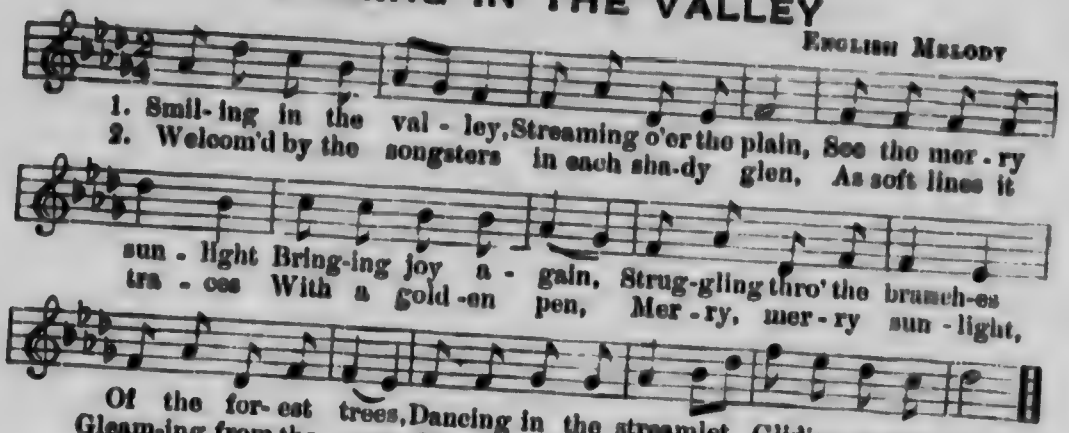
ring - ing notes pro - long! The ech - oes soft, re -
clad in bright ar - ray; Thro' vale and nook, the
bu - gle's cheer - ing tone; The care that prest each



peat - ed oft, Are heard so long, so long, So long, so long.
rip-pling brook Flows far a - way, a - way, A - way, a - way.
sad-den'd breast At once is gone, is gone, Is gone, is gone.

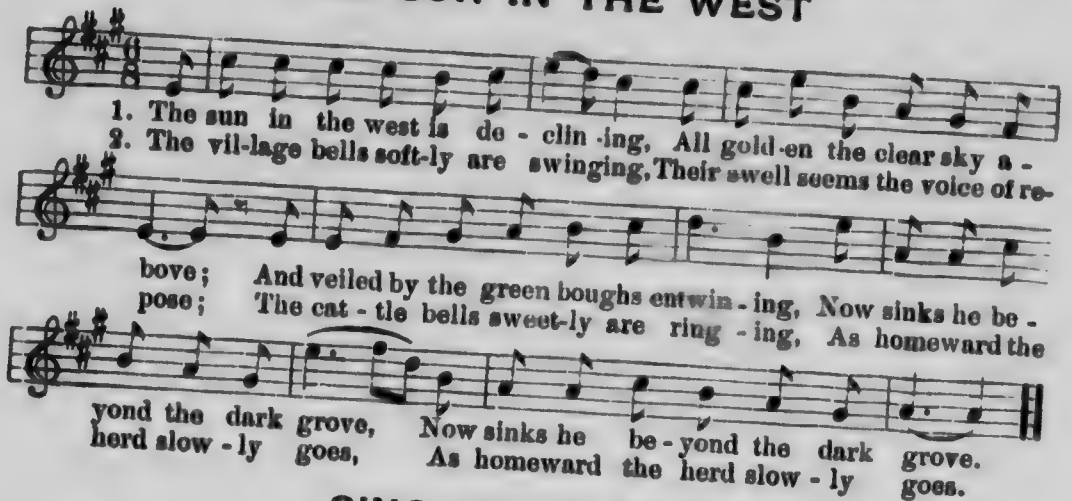
SMILING IN THE VALLEY

English Melody



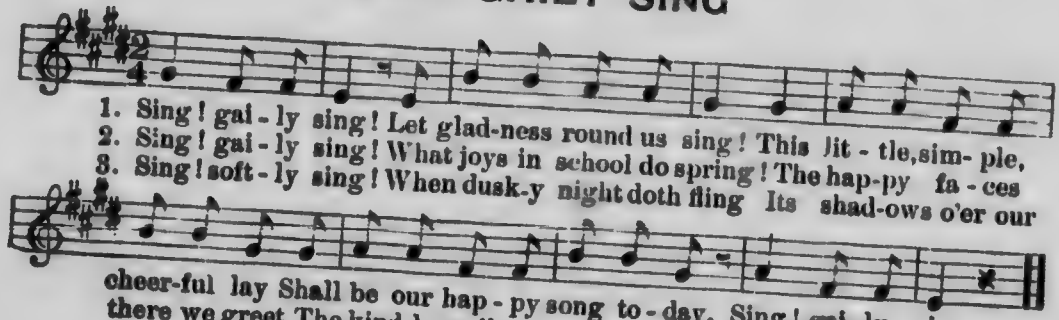
1. Smil- ing in the val - ley, Streaming o'er the plain, See the mer - ry sun - light Bring-ing joy a - gain, Strug-gling thro' the branch-es Of the for- est trees, Dancing in the streamlet Gliding mer-ri - ly.
2. Welcom'd by the songsters in each sha-dy glen, As soft lines it tra - ces With a gold -en pen, Mer - ry, mer - ry sun - light, Gleam-ing from the west, Of all na-ture's beauties, Thee I love the best.

THE SUN IN THE WEST



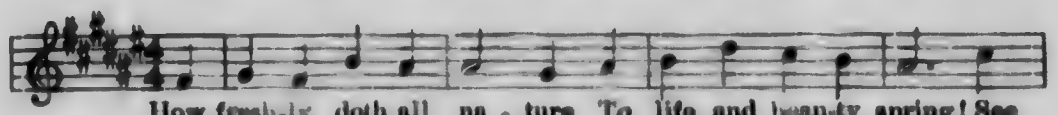
1. The sun in the west is de - clin -ing, All gold -en the clear sky a - bove; And veiled by the green boughs entwin - ing, Now sinks he be - yond the dark grove, Now sinks he be - yond the dark grove.
2. The vil-lage bells soft-ly are swinging, Their swell seems the voice of re- pose; The cat - tle bells sweet-ly are ring - ing, As homeward the herd slow - ly goes, As homeward the herd slow - ly goes.

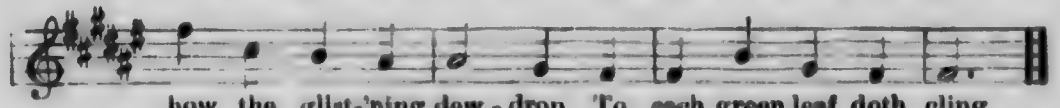
SING GAILY SING



1. Sing! gai - ly sing! Let glad-ness round us sing! This lit - tle, sim- ple, cheer-ful lay Shall be our hap - py song to - day. Sing! gai -ly sing.
2. Sing! gai - ly sing! What joys in school do spring! The hap-py fa - ces there we greet, The kind-ly smiles we al-ways meet. Sing! sweetly sing.
3. Sing! soft - ly sing! When dusk-y night doth fling Its shad-ows o'er our drow- sy heads, In heavenly peace we'll seek our beds. Sing! softly sing.

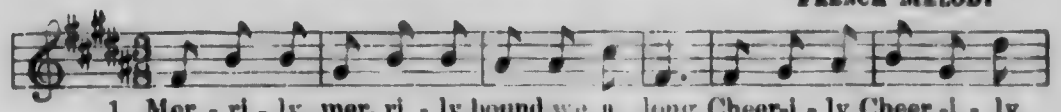
HOW FRESHLY DOTH ALL NATURE

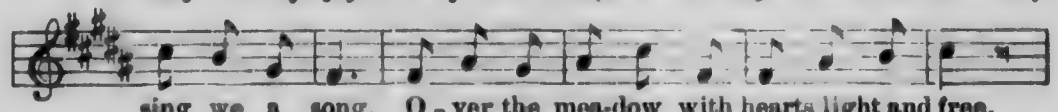


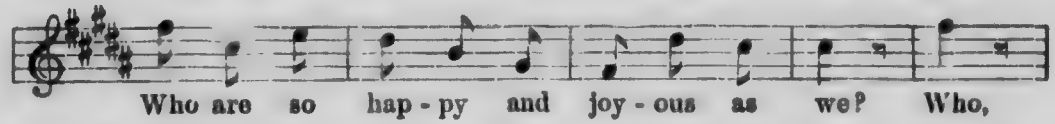


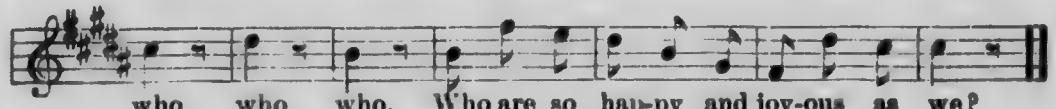
MERRILY MERRILY BOUND

French Melody



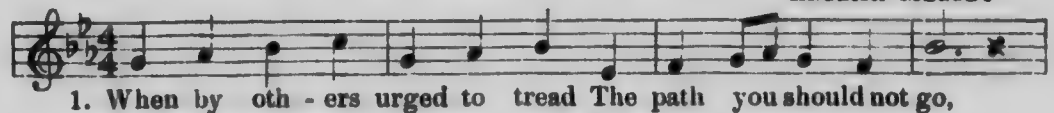


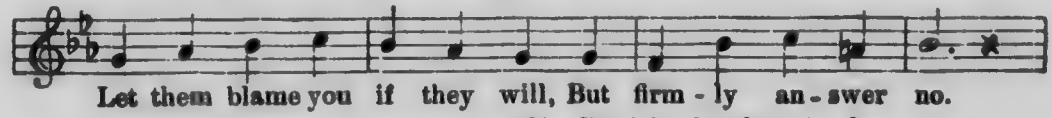




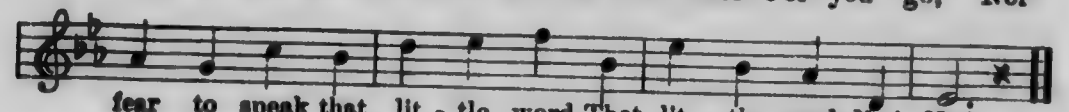
WHEN BY OTHERS URGED

English Melody





Do the right with all your might, Pure ex - am - ple show, Nor
Tell the truth what - e'er you do, The truth wher - e'er you go, Nor

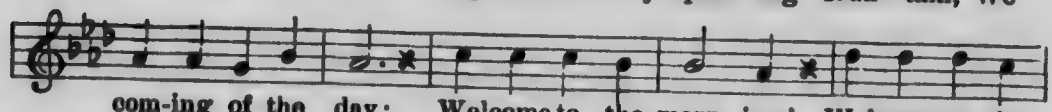


fear to speak that lit - tle word, That lit - tle word No! No!
fear to speak that lit - tle word, That lit - tle word No! No!

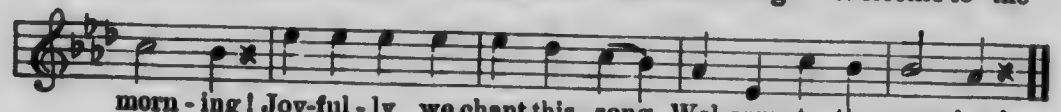
WHEN EASTERN HILLS

1. When east - ern hills are glow-ing With morning's cheerful ray,
2. From wood and vale and mountain, From rocks and streamlet gay,

Wel-come to the morn - ing! And flee - ing mists are show - ing The
Wel-come to the morn - ing! From ev - 'ry spark-ling foun - tain, We



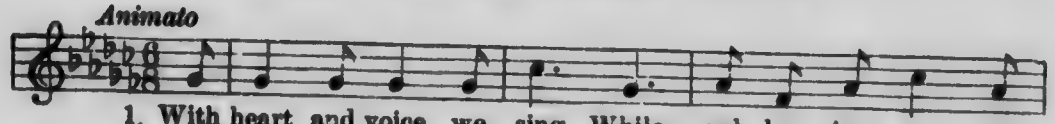
com-ing of the day; Welcome to the morn - ing! Welcome to the
hear the joy-ful lay; Welcome to the morn - ing! Welcome to the



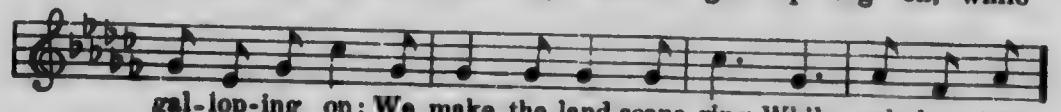
morn - ing! Joy-ful - ly we chant this song, Wel-come to the morn-ing!

WITH HEART AND VOICE

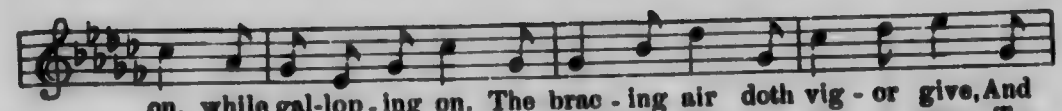
Animato



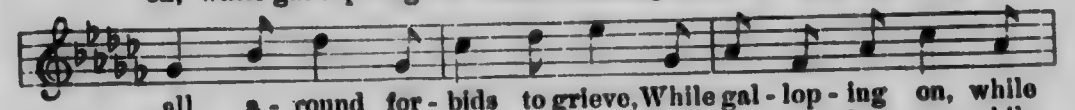
1. With heart and voice we sing, While gal - lop - ing on, while
2. Then shout the joy - ous lay, While gal - lop - ing on, while



gal-lop-ing on; We make the land-scape ring, While gal - lop - ing
gal-lop-ing on; Then cheer us on our way, While gal - lop - ing



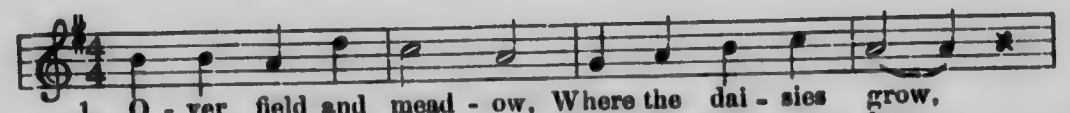
on, while gal-lop-ing on. The brac-ing air doth vig-or give, And
on, while gal-lop-ing on. There's nothing like a mer-ry song To



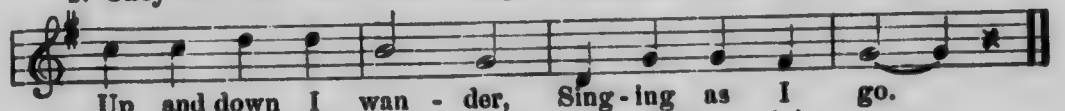
all a-round for-bids to grieve, While gal-lop-ing on, while
drive the lag-ging hours a-long, While gal-lop-ing on, while

gal-lop-ing on, While gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing on.

OVER FIELD AND MEADOW



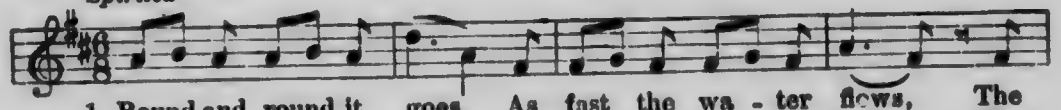
1. O-ver field and mead-ow, Where the dai-sies grow,
2. They who see me rov-ing, Think me all a-lone,



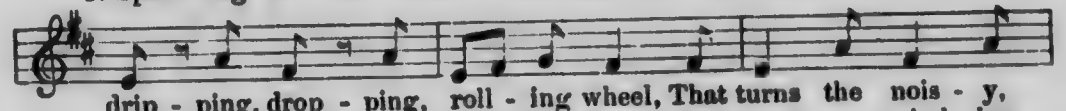
Up and down I wan-der, Sing-ing as I go.
But the birds are with me, Hear their joy-ful tone.

ROUND AND ROUND IT GOES

Spirited

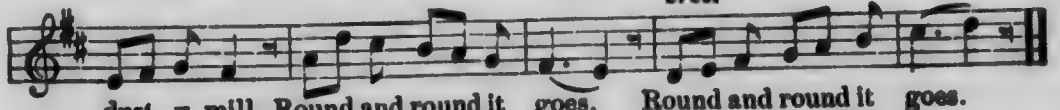


1. Round and round it goes, As fast the wa-ter flows, The
2. Turn-ing all the day, It nev-er stops to play, The
3. Spark-ling in the sun, The mer-ry wa-ters run Up-



drip-ping, drop-ping, roll-ing wheel, That turns the nois-y,
drip-ping, drop-ping, roll-ing wheel, But keeps on grind-ing
on the foam-ing, flash-ing wheel, That laughs a-loud, but

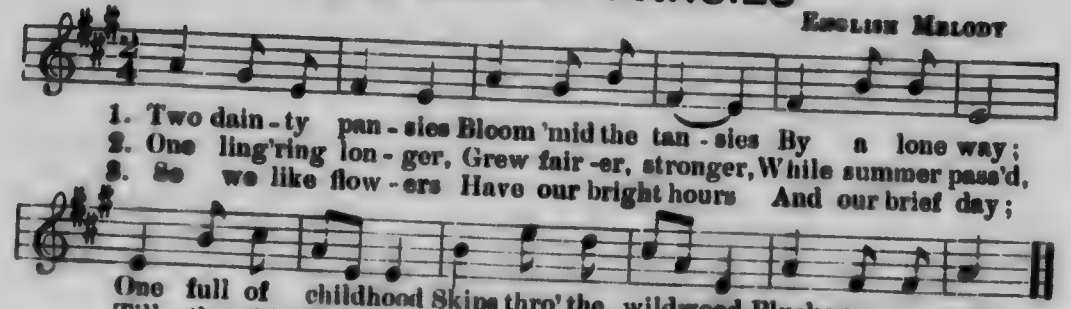
cres.



dust-y mill, Round and round it goes, Round and round it goes.
gold-en meal, Turning all the day, Turning all the day.
worketh still, Sparkling in the sun, Sparkling in the sun.

TWO DAINTY PANSIES

English Melody

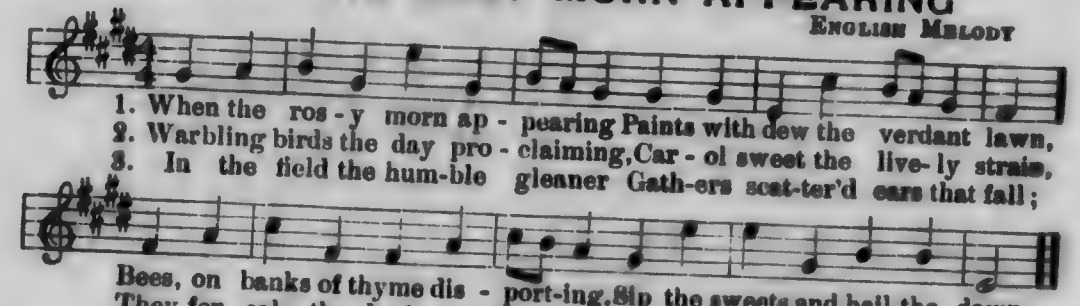


1. Two dain - ty pan - sies Bloom 'mid the tan - sies By a lone way;
2. One ling'ring lon - ger, Grew fair -er, stronger, While summer pass'd,
3. So we like flow - ers Have our bright hours And our brief day;

One full of childhood Skips thro' the wildwood, Plucks one a - way.
Till the white frost shone Chill thro' that flow'red zone, Taking the last.
So we, too, scat - ter; Hope says, what mat - ter, Mem-'ry will stay.

WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING

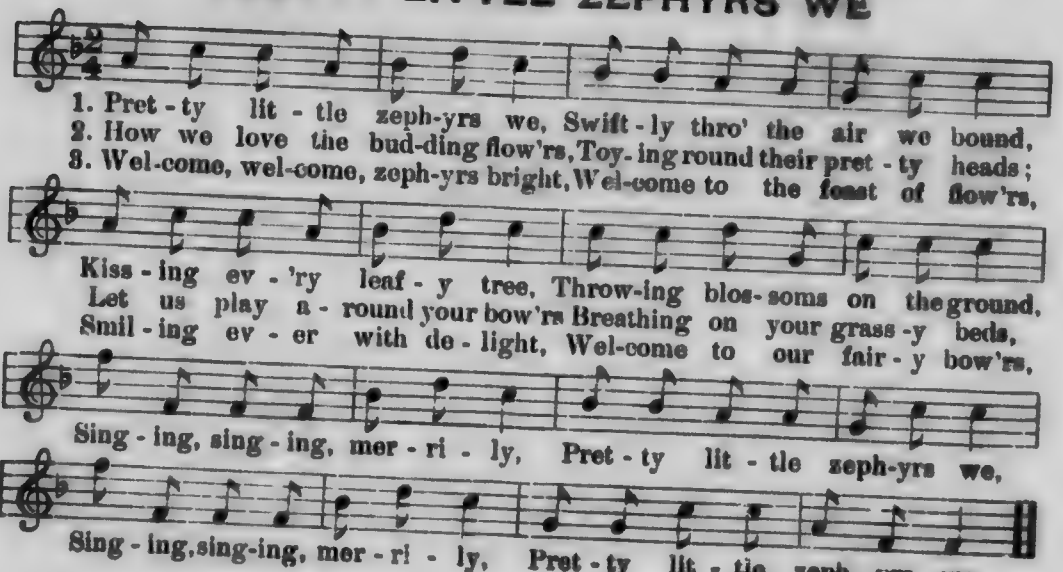
English Melody



1. When the ros - y morn ap - pearing Paints with dew the verdant lawn,
2. Warbling birds the day pro - claiming, Car - ol sweet the live- ly strain,
3. In the field the hum-ble gleaner Gath-ers scat-ter'd ears that fall;

Bees, on banks of thyme dis - port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.
They for - sake the leaf - y dwelling To se - cure the gold-en grain.
Na - ture, mind-ful of her chil-dren, In her boun - ty cares for all.

PRETTY LITTLE ZEPHYRS WE



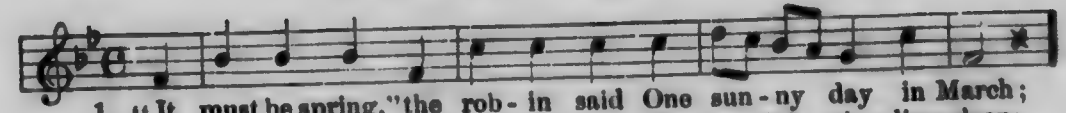
1. Pret - ty lit - tle zeph-yrs we, Swift - ly thro' the air we bound,
2. How we love the bud-ding flow'rs, Toy- ing round their pret - ty heads;
3. Wel-come, wel-come, zeph-yrs bright, Wel-come to the feast of flow'rs,

Kiss - ing ev - 'ry leaf - y tree, Throw-ing blos-soms on the ground,
Let us play a - round your bow'rs Breathing on your grass -y beds,
Smil - ing ev - er with de - light, Wel-come to our fair - y bow'rs,

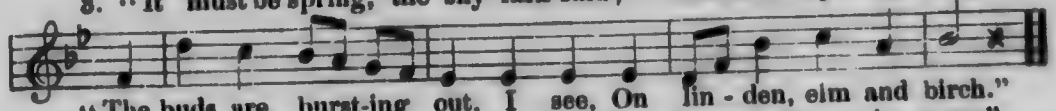
Sing - ing, sing - ing, mer - ri - ly, Pret - ty lit - tle zeph-yrs we,

Sing - ing, sing-ing, mer - ri - ly, Pret - ty lit - tle zeph - yrs we.

IT MUST BE SPRING



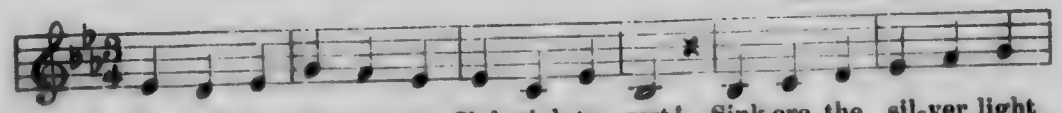
1. "It must be spring," the rob - in said One sun - ny day in March;
2. "There is no sign up - on the tree; The brook is rip-pling clear;
3. "It must be spring," the sky-lark said; "I'll mount the pur - ple sky;



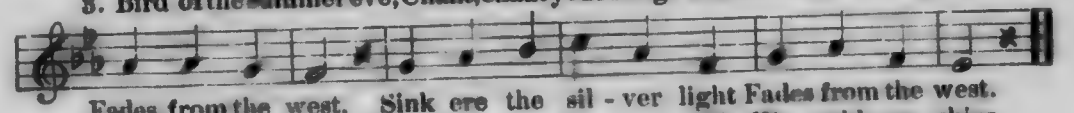
"The buds are burst-ing out, I see, On lin - den, elm and birch."
A song I'll sing to welcome spring; I know it now is near."
It is so calm and clear to - day, My sweetest notes I'll try."

STAR OF THE SUMMER EVE

English Melody

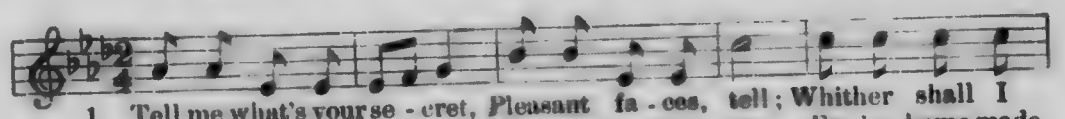


1. Star of the summer eve, Sink, sink to rest! Sink ere the sil-ver light
2. Wind of the summer eve, Waft, waft your sighs From where the distant hills
3. Bird of the summer eve, Chant, chant your song! While thro' the twilight gleams

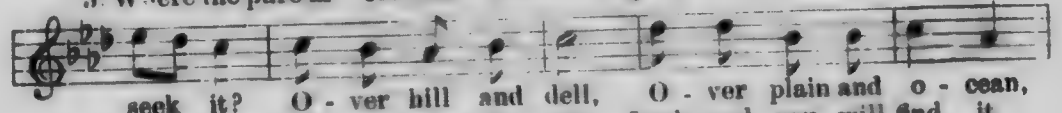


Fades from the west, Sink ere the sil - ver light Fades from the west.
Kiss gold - en skies, From where the dis - tant hills Kiss gold - en skies.
Night's star - ry throng, While thro' the twilight gleams Night's starry throng.

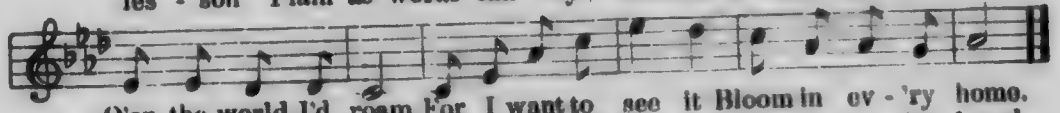
TELL ME WHAT'S YOUR SECRET



1. Tell me what's your se - cret, Pleasant fa - ces, tell; Whither shall I
2. We will tell you glad-ly, For we love to see Ev - 'ry home made
3. Where the pure af - fec-tions Blos-som day by day, There you'll learn the



seek it? O - ver hill and dell, O - ver plain and o - cean,
hap - py By our min - is - try; Look, and you will find it
les - son Plain as words can say; Love makes hap - py fa - ces,

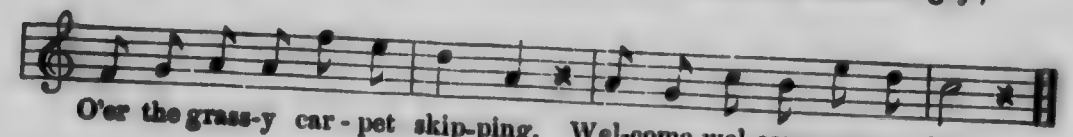


O'er the world I'd roam, For I want to see it Bloom in ev - 'ry home.
Where good tho'ts a - bound, In the heart our se - cret Ev - er may be found.
On earth and in heav'n, And this is the se - cret To all free - ly given.

MERRY MAY

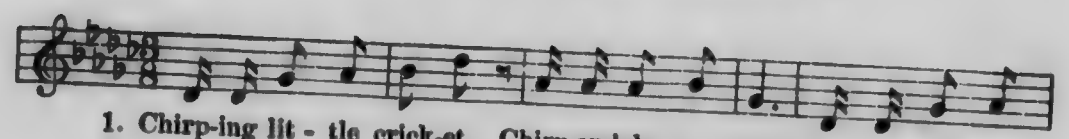
English Melody

Mer-ry May comes lightly trip-ping Thro' the woods and meadows gay;

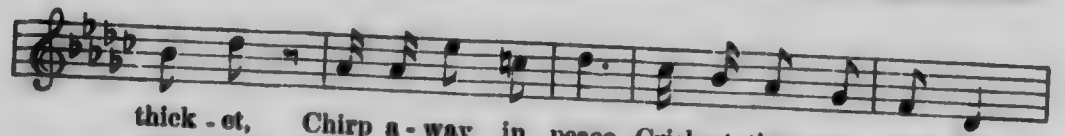


O'er the grass-y car - pet skip-ping, Wel-come, wel-come, mer-ry May.

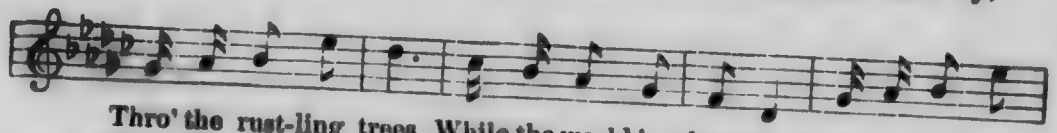
CHIRPING LITTLE CRICKET



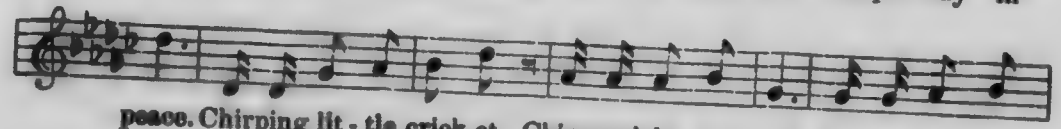
1. Chirp-ing lit - tle crick-et, Chirp and do not cease; Sing-ing in the
2. Wake-ful as the star-light, Chirp and do not cease; Morning, noon and



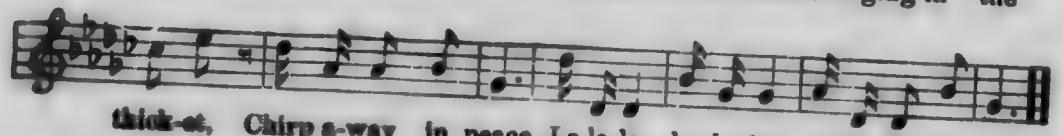
thick - et, Chirp a - way in peace. Crick-et thou art peep - ing
mid - night, Chirp a - way in peace. While the days are love - ly,



Thro' the rust-ling trees, While the world is sleep-ing, Chirp a-way in
Chirp and do not cease, Let us ev - er hear thee Chirp a-way in



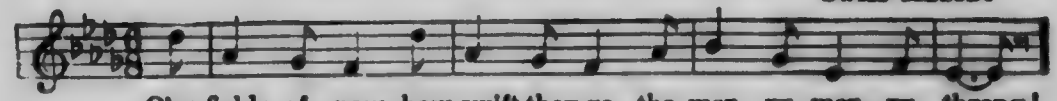
peace. Chirping lit - tle crick-et, Chirp and do not cease, Singing in the



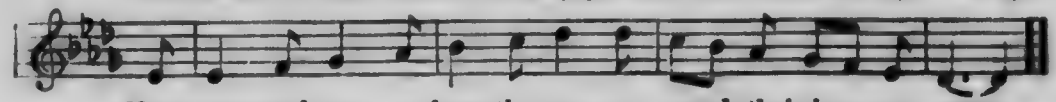
thick-et, Chirp a-way in peace. La la la la la la la la la la la.

O'ER FIELDS OF SNOW

Swiss Melody

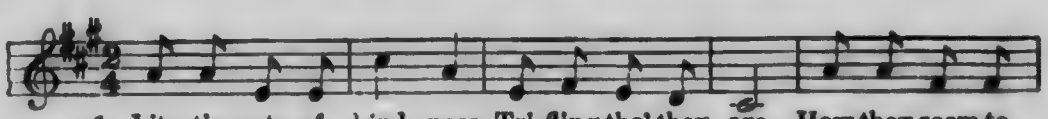


O'er fields of snow, how swift they go, the mer - ry, mer - ry throng!



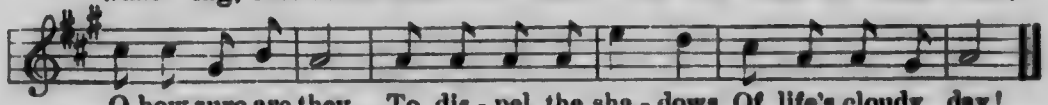
How sweet and gay a - long the way re - sounds their hap - py song.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS



1. Lit - tle acts of kind - ness, Tri-fling tho' they are, How they seem to
2. Lit - tle acts of kind - ness, Nothing do they cost; Yet when they are

bright - en This dark world of care! Lit - tle acts of kind - ness,
want - ing, Life's best charm is lost! Lit - tle acts of kind - ness,

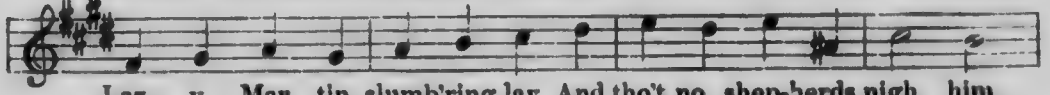


O how sure are they To dis - pel the sha - dows Of life's cloudy day!
Rich-est gems of earth, Tho' they seem but tri - fles, Price-less is their worth.

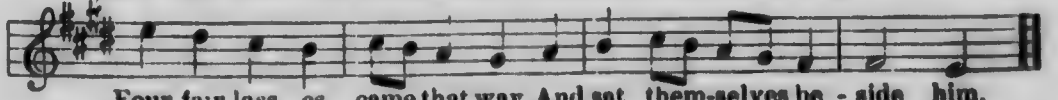
ON A PLEASANT SUMMER DAY

English Melody

1. On a pleas-ant sum-mer day, As a - mid the new-made hay,
2. Two and two in si-lence whist, Like the Fates with nim-ble wrist,
3. Mar - tin wakes and tugs and strains, But in fet - ters still re - mains



Laz - y Mar - tin slumb'ring lay And tho't no shep-herds nigh him,
Hay ropes they did smil-ing twist, Then drew their toils a - round him,
'Mid the mock - ing nymphs and swains, And none comes nigh to ease him,

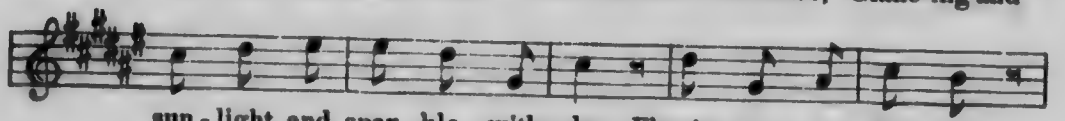


Four fair lass - es came that way, And sat them-selves be - side him.
And be - fore he could re - sist, Both hand and foot they've bound him.
Till an ass doth eat his chains, And so at length re - lease him.

WAVES BRIGHTLY GLANCING

VENETIAN MELODY

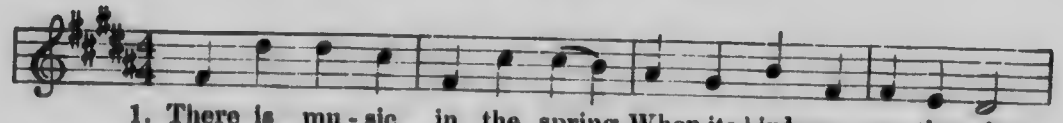
1. Waves brightly glanc - ing, Mer - ri - ly danc-ing, Smile in the
2. Now on the o - cean, Glid - ing in mo - tion, Launch our light
3. For - ests and mead - ows Van - ish like sha-dows, Glanc-ing and



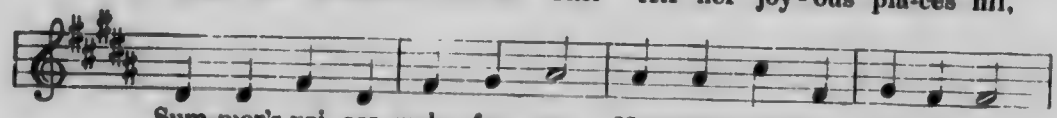
sun - light and spar - kle with glee; Flow'rs are un - clos - ing,
pin - nace and sea - ward we spring; Oars dip - ping light - ly,
fad - ing like forms in a dream, Leav - ing their trac - ing,

Winds are re - pos-ing, Zeph-yrs are fan-ning the rose on its tree.
Sails swelling slight-ly, Bear us a - long like a bird on the wing.
Just as in pass-ing, Pic-tures are drawn by the sun's glowing beam.

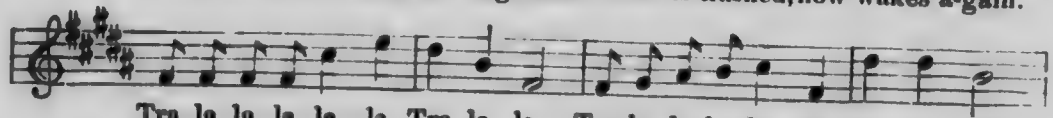
THERE IS MUSIC



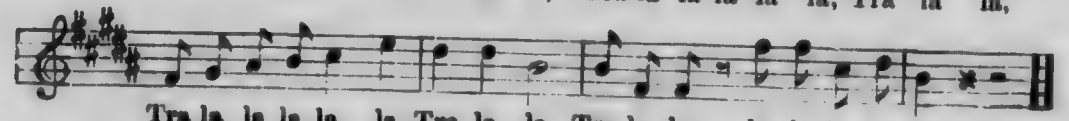
1. There is mu - sic in the spring, When its birds are on the wing;
2. Sad - ly doth my heart re - call Soft-ened whis-per-ings of fall;
3. Thus do Na-ture's voi-ces still All her joy - ous pla-ces fill,



Sum-mer's voi-ces wake for me Na-ture's sweetest mel - o - dy.
Win - ter as he glides a - long Hath for me a pleas-ant song.
And her wild and thrill - ing strain Now is hushed, now wakes a-gain.



Tra la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la,

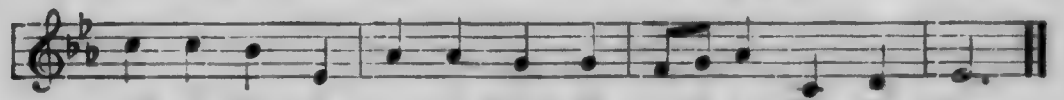


Tra la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

THE MERRY MILK-MAID

E. J. Piggott

1. The mer - ry milk - maid, see! Comes trip-ping o'er the lea, With
2. Some in - to cheese we'll make, And some in pud - dings bake, And



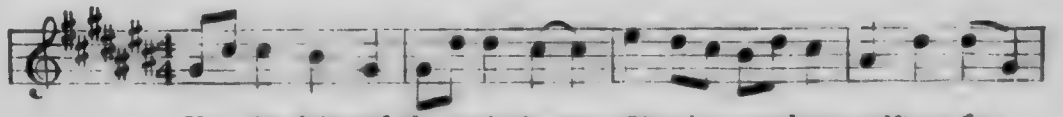
milk so white in cans so bright, All read - y for our tea.
some when churned, to but - ter turn'd, With our nice bread we'll take.

HARK MY MOTHER'S VOICE

1. Hark! my moth-er's voice I hear, Sweet that voice is to my ear,
2. Love me, moth-er? yes, I know None can love as well as thou;
3. Didst thou not in hours of pain, Lull this head to ease a - gain,

Ev - er soft it seems to tell, Dear-est child, I love thee well.
Was it not up - on thy breast I was taught in sleep to rest?
With the mu - sic of thy voice, Bid my lit - tle heart re - joice?

UP THE DALE



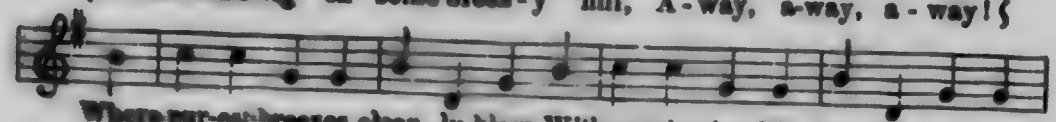
1. Up the dale and down the bourne, O'er the mead-ow swift we fly;
2. Through the blooming groves we rustle, Kiss-ing ev - 'ry bud we pass,
3. Bending down the weeping wil-lows, While our vesper hymn we sigh,

Now we sing and now we mourn, Now we whistle now we sigh.
As we did it in the bustle, Scarcely knowing how it was.
Then un to our ro - sy pillows, On our wea-ry wings we hie.

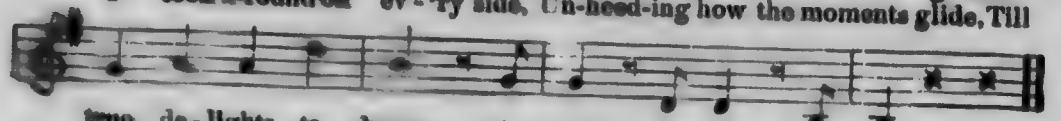
COME HASTE AWAY

W. W. Caldwell

1. Come, haste a - way to yon - der height, A - way, a-way, a - way!
There all is love - ly to the sight, A - way, a-way, a - way!
2. What joy, what bliss my soul doth fill, A - way, a-way, a - way!
When stand-ing on some breez - y hill, A - way, a-way, a - way!



Where pur-est-breezes clear - ly blow, With grazing herd I love to go, And
I look a-round on ev - 'ry side, Un-heed-ing how the moments glide, Till

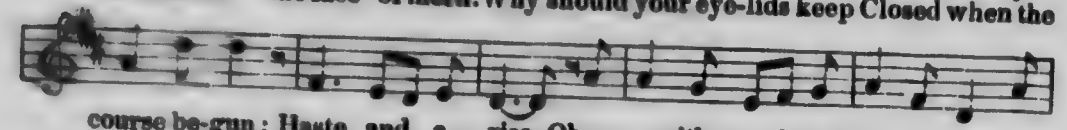


true de - lights to know. A - way! a - way! a - way!
fall - eth e - ven - tide. A - way! a - way! a - way!

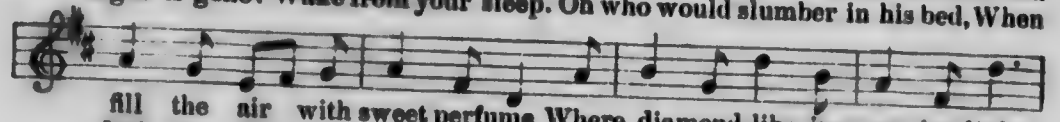
SEE WHERE THE RISING SUN

Mozart

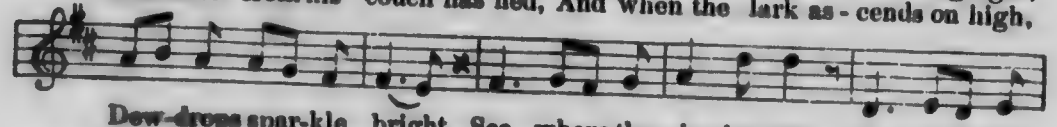
1. See where the ris - ing sun In splendor decks the skies, His dai - ly
2. Fair is the face of morn. Why should your eye-lids keep Closed when the



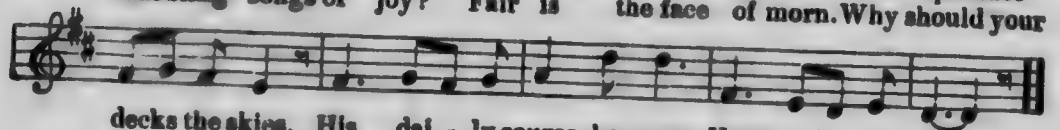
course be-gun; Haste and a - rise. Oh come with me where violets bloom And
night is gone? Wake from your sleep. Oh who would slumber in his bed, When



fill the air with sweet perfume, Where, diamond-like, in morn-ing light,
dark-ness from his couch has fled, And when the lark as - cends on high,



Dew-drops spar-kle bright. See where the ris - ing sun In splendor
Warbling songs of joy? Fair is the face of morn. Why should your

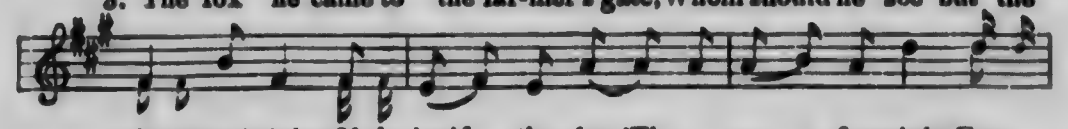


decks the skies, His dai - ly course be - gun; Haste and a - rise.
eye - lids keep Closed when the night is gone? Wake from your sleep.

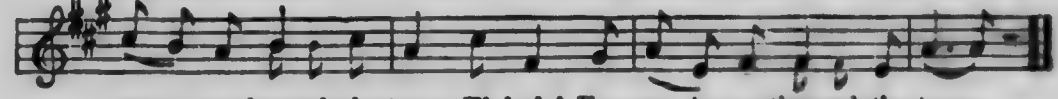
THE FOX JUMP'D UP

JOHN HULLAH

1. The fox jump'd up on a moon-light night, The stars were shin-ing and
2. The fox when he came to yon-der stile, He lift-ed his ears and he
3. The fox he came to the far-mer's gate, Whom should he see but the



all things bright; Oh, ho! said the fox, 'Tis a ver-y fine night For
listen'd a-while; Oh, ho! said the fox, It is but a short mile From
far-mer's drake? I love you well for your mas-ter's sake, And I

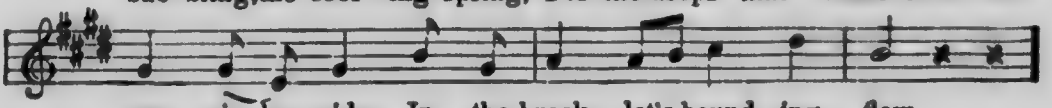


me to go through the town, Eh! oh! For me to go through the town.
this to yon-der town, Eh! oh! From this to yon-der town.
long to be picking your bones, Eh! oh! I long to be picking your bones.

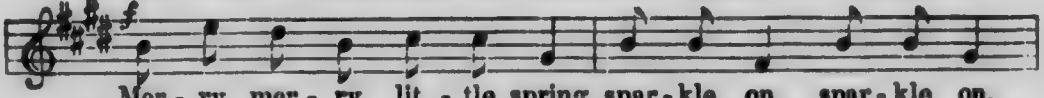
O A GOODLY THING

1. O a good-ly thing is the cool-ing spring, By the
2. And as pure as heav'n is the wa-ter giv'n, And the
3. O I love to drink from its foam-ing brink, Of the

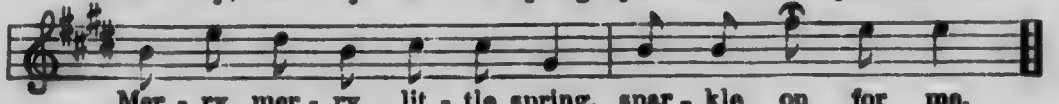
rock where the moss doth grow; There is health in the tide, And there's
stream is for-ev-er new; 'Tis dis-till'd in the sky, And it
bub-bling, the cool-ing spring, For the drops that shine shall be



mu-sic be-side, In the brook-let's bound-ing flow.
drops from on high, In the show'r and gen-tle dew.
ev-er mine, And its praise, its praise I'll sing.

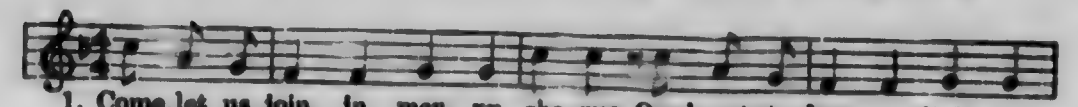


Mer-ry, mer-ry lit-tle spring, spar-kle on, spar-kle on,



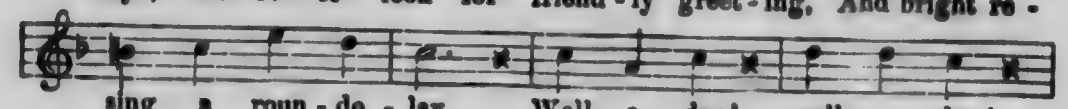
Mer-ry, mer-ry lit-tle spring, spar-kle on for me.

COME LET US JOIN IN MERRY CHORUS

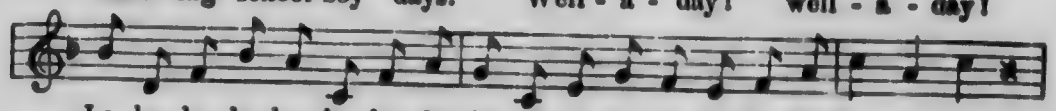


1. Come, let us join in mer - ry cho - rus, Our hearts to-day are light and
2. Oh there is mu - sic on the mountain When winds are whistling wild and
3. Now let our hearts with pleas-ure beat - ing U - nite in hap - py, joy - ous

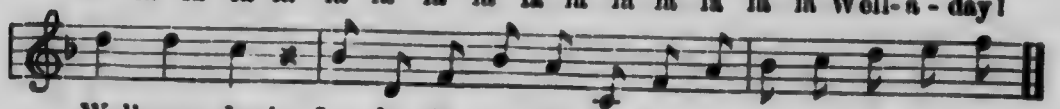
gay, The sun of joy shines bright - ly o'er us, Then let us
free, There is a song from lake and foun - tain, From riv - ers
lays, We ev - er look for friend - ly greet - ing, And bright re -



sing a roun - de - lay. Well - a - day! well - a - day!
roll - ing to the sea. Well - a - day! well - a - day!
turn - ing school-boy days. Well - a - day! well - a - day!

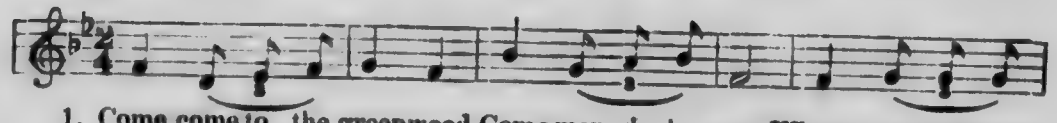


La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la Well-a - day!

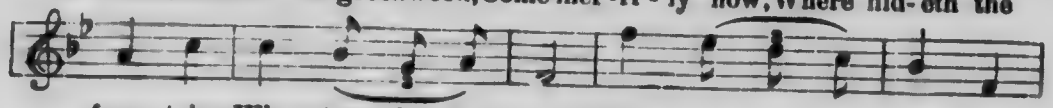


Well - a - day! La la la la la la la la la la la la la.

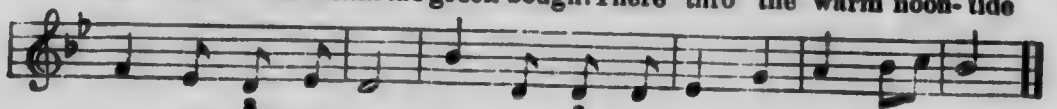
COME COME TO THE GREENWOOD



1. Come, come to the greenwood, Come mer - ri - ly now, Where rip - ple sweet
2. Come, come to the greenwood, Come mer - ri - ly now, Where hid - eth the



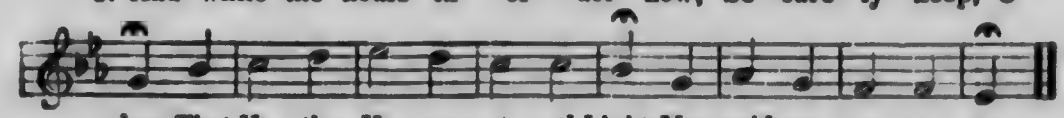
foun - tains, Where trembles the bough, Where sing - eth the zeph - yr
vio - let Fair 'neath the green bough. There thro' the warm noon - tide



light danc - ing a - long, Then sing - eth the as - pen to his song,
we'll cheer-ful - ly stray, While ring lit - tle ech - oes of our lay.

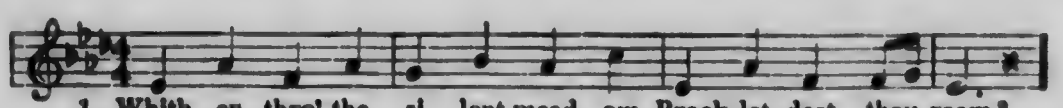
NOW THAT THE SUN

1. Now that the sun is beam - ing bright, Im - plore we bend - ing
2. No sin - ful word nor deed of wrong, Nor tho'ts that i - dle
3. And while the hours in or - der flow, Se - cure - ly keep, O

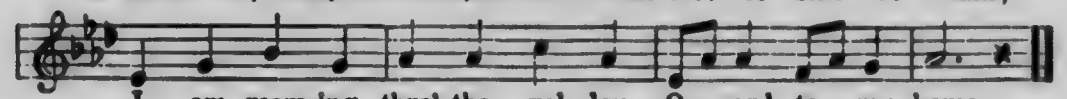


low, That He, the Un - cre - at - ed Light, May guide us as we go.
rove, But sim - ple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.
God, Our hearts be - leaguered by the foe, That tempts on ev - 'ry road.

WHITHER THROUGH THE MEADOW

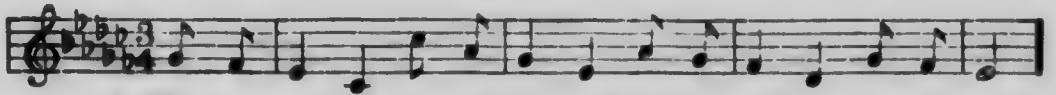


1. Whith - er thro' the si - lent mead - ow, Brook-let, dost thou roam?
2. Stop and tell me, lit - tle brook - let, Where is then thy home?
3. Why such haste to reach the o - cean, Why not here a - bide?
4. Brook - let, buds, and leaves, and blos - soms Nev - er still re - main;

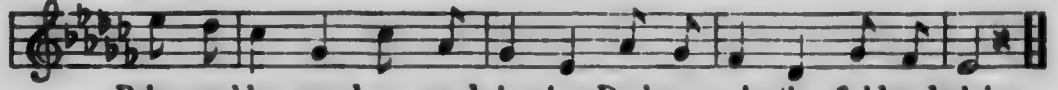


I am roam-ing thro' the val - ley, On-ward to my home.
If I stop thus, I shall nev - er Reach the o - cean foam.
If I stop thus, I shall nev - er Reach the o - cean tide.
We have learned a les - son from you, Brooklet on the plain.

WELCOME SPRING



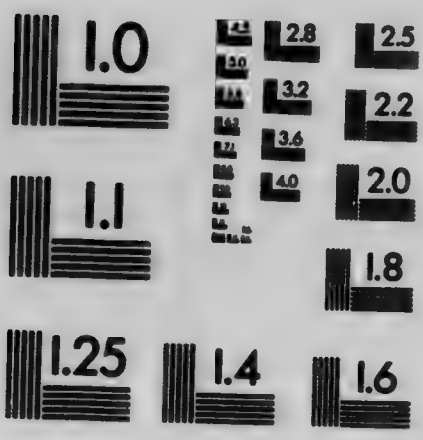
1. Welcome spring, O come thou hith-er, Spring be-lov'd, O come a - gain!
2. To the mountain would I hast - en, Rev - el in the val-leys green;
3. I would hear the shep-herd pip- ing, I would hear the herd bells ring,



Bring us blossoms, leaves and sing-ing, Deck a - gain the field and plain.
On the grass and flow'rs re - clin-ing, There en - joy the sun - lit scene.
And, re - joic - ing on the mead-ow, I would hear the sweet birds sing.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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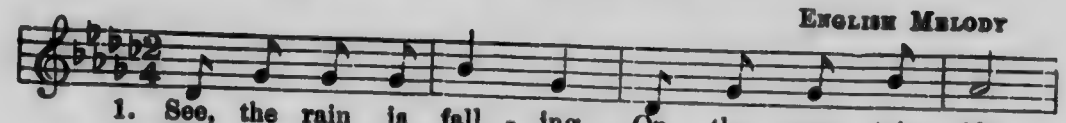
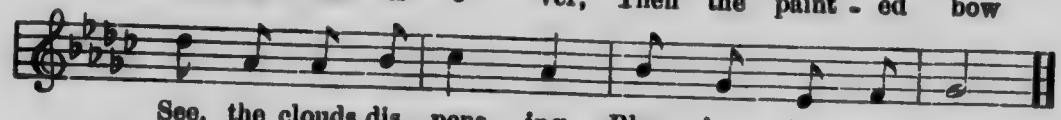
SEE THE RAIN IS FALLING

English Melody



1. See, the rain is fall - ing On the moun - tain side,
2. See, the cool - ing show - er Comes at God's com - mand,
3. When the rain is o - ver, Then the paint - ed bow

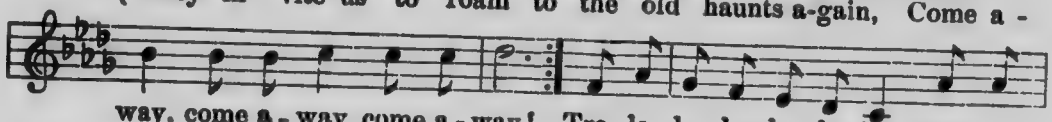


See, the clouds dis - pens - ing Bless - ing far and wide.
Bright-ens ev - 'ry flow - er, Cheers the parch - ed land.
O'er the cloud - y hill - top Will its col - ors show.

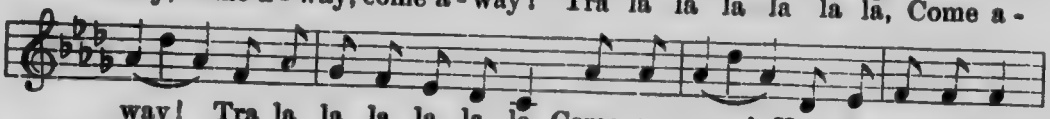
HOW THE MERRY WIND BLOWS

English Melody

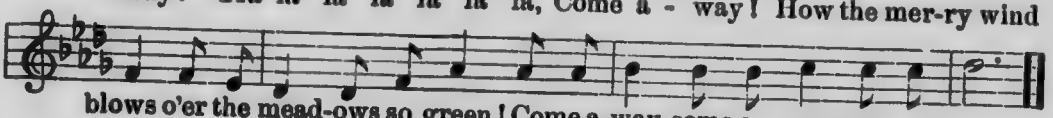
1. { How the mer-ry wind blows o'er the mead - ows so green! Come a -
   { On the love-li - est morn that was ev - er seen, Come a -
2. { See the wav-ing trees blow on the hill - side green, Come a -
   { They in - vite us to roam to the old haunts a-gain, Come a -



way, come a - way, come a - way! Tra la la la la la la, Come a -



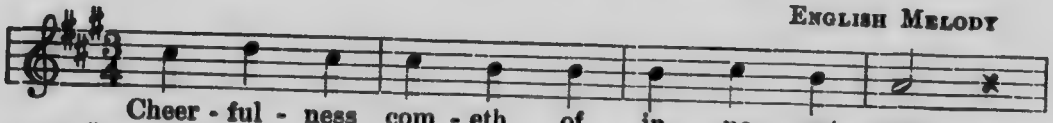
way! Tra la la la la la la, Come a - way! How the mer-ry wind



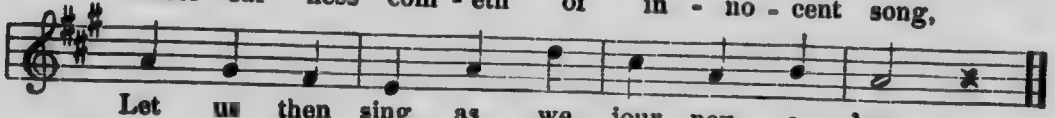
blows o'er the mead-ows so green! Come a-way, come a - way, come a - way!

CHEERFULNESS COMETH

English Melody

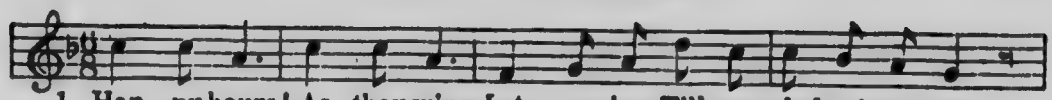


Cheer - ful - ness com - eth of in - no - cent song,

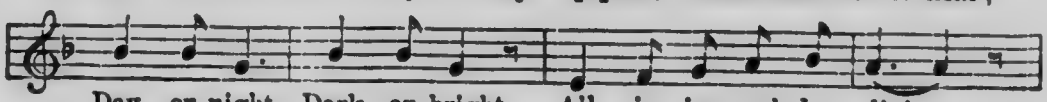


Let us then sing as we jour - ney a - long.

HAPPY HOURS



1. Hap - py hours! As they wing, Let us sing Till our glad voi-ces ring;
2. Hap - py hours! Ev - 'ry clime, Ev - 'ry time Has its mu - si - cal chime;
3. Hap - py hours! All the year They ap-pear, If sweet mu - sic is near;



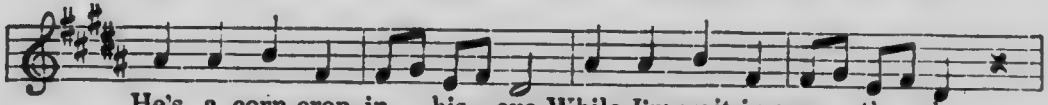
Day or night, Dark or bright, All is joy and de - light.
Morn and noon, Late and soon, Sounds the gay, hap-py tune.
Hymns we raise, To His praise, Who a-wards us our days.

Hap-py, hap-py hours! Hap-py, hap-py hours.

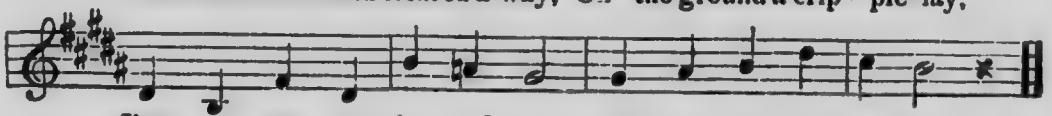
I CAN SEE

1. I can see with eyes a - slant, Where the farm-er goes to plant,
2. Let him ear - ly rise and till, He will nev-er go to mill,
3. While his crow-ship plann'd the game, Sly-ly up the hunt-er came,

Where the farm-er goes to plant. Ha, ha, ha, I'll gath-er!
He will nev-er go to mill. Ha, ha, ha, I'll gath-er!
Sly - ly up the hunt-er came, Pop, pop, pop, his ri - fle!

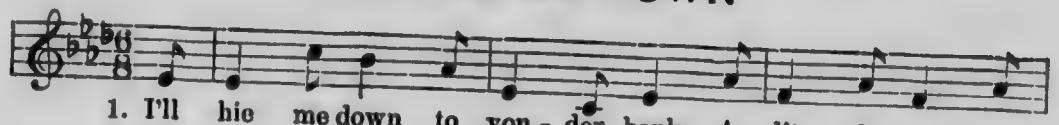


He's a corn crop in his eye, While I'm wait-ing on the sly;
Ere a pre-cious seed will sprout, Down I'll go and dig it out,
When the smoke had cleared a-way, On the ground a crip - ple lay,

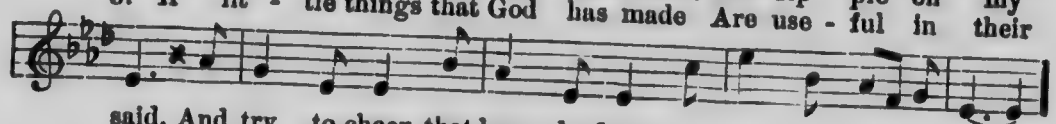


I've a corn crop by and by, Ha, ha, ha, I'll gath-er.
Ere he knows what I'm a - bout, Ha, ha, ha, I'll gath-er.
One wing gone, which sad, to say, Changed his plans a tri - fle.

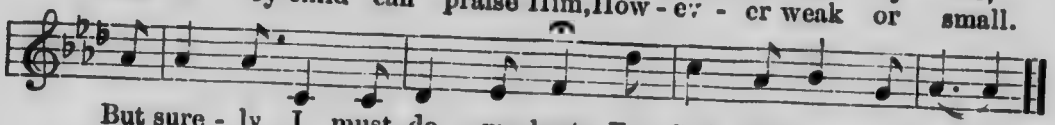
I'LL HIE ME DOWN



1. I'll hie me down to yon - der bank, A lit - tle rain - drop said, And try to cheer that lone - ly flow'r, And cool its mossy bed;
2. I may not lin - ger, said the brook, But rip - ple on my way, And help the rills and riv - ers all To make the o - cean spray;
3. If lit - tle things that God has made Are use - ful in their kind, O let us learn a sim - ple truth, And bear it e'er in mind,



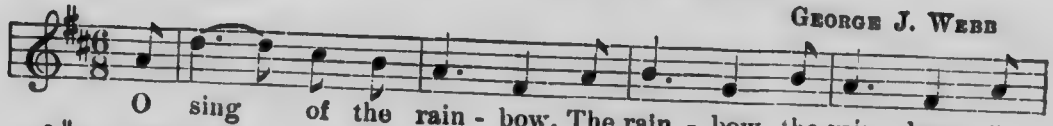
Per- haps the breeze will chill me Be-cause I am so small,
And I must haste to la - bor, Re- plied the bu - sy bee,
That ev - 'ry child can praise Him, How - ever weak or small.



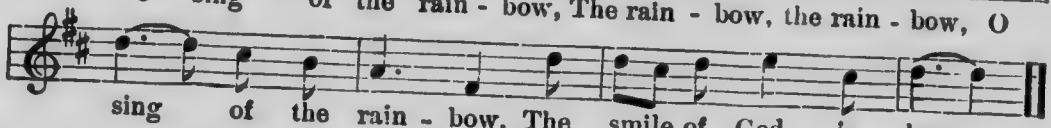
But sure - ly I must do my best, For God has work for all.
The sum- mer days are long and bright, And God has work for me.
Let each with joy re- mem - ber this, The Lord has work for all.

O SING OF THE RAINBOW

George J. Webb

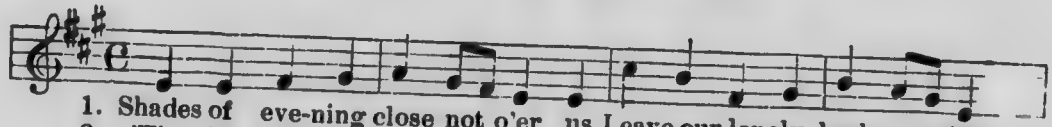


O sing of the rain - bow, The rain - bow, the rain - bow, O

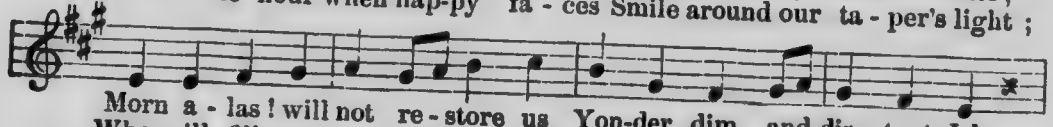


sing of the rain - bow, The smile of God is here.

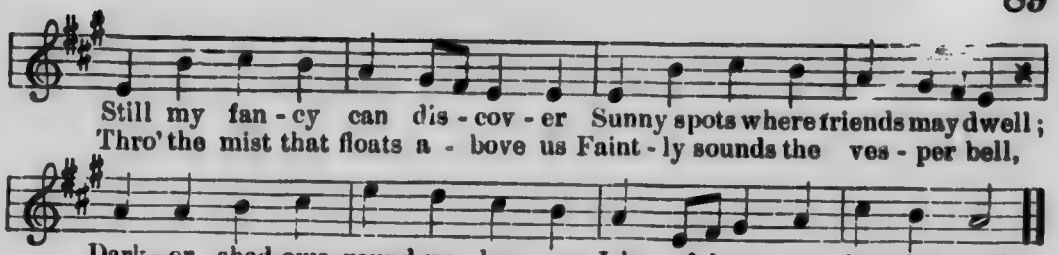
SHADES OF EVENING



1. Shades of eve-ning close not o'er us, Leave our lonely bark a - while;
2. 'Tis the hour when hap-py fa - ces Smile around our ta - per's light;



Morn a - las! will not re - store us Yon-der dim and dis - tant Isle.
Who will fill our va - cant pla- ces? Who will sing our songs to- night?



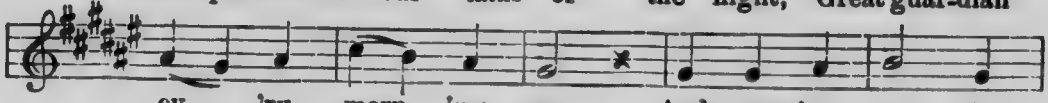
Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell,

Dark - er shad-ows round us hov - er; Isle of beau - ty, fare thee well.
Like a voice from those who love us, Breath-ing fond - ly, fare thee well.

MY GOD HOW ENDLESS

HAYDN

1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are
2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great guar-dian

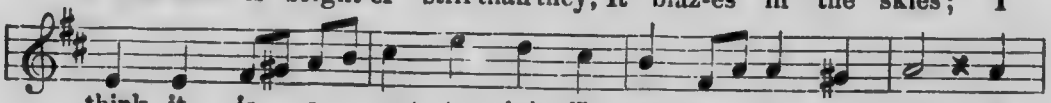


ev - 'ry morn - ing new, And morn-ing mer - cies
of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov-'reign word re -

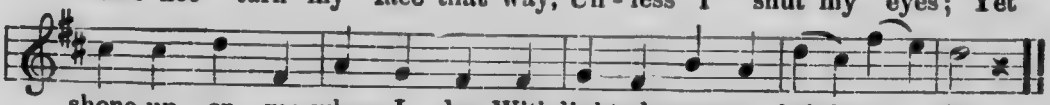
from a - bove Gen - tly dis - til like eve - ning dew.
stores the light, And quick-ens all my drow - sy powers.

THE MOON IS FAIR AND BRIGHT

1. The moon is ver - y fair and bright, And al - so ver - y high; I
2. The stars are ver - y pret - ty, too, And, scattered all a - bout, At
3. The sun is bright-er still than they, It blaz-es in the skies; I



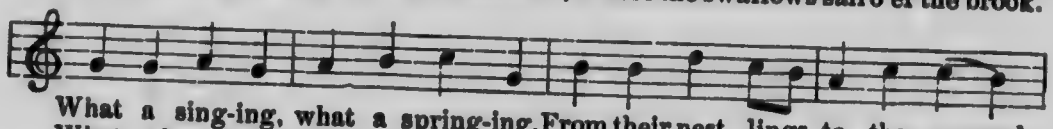
think it is a pret - ty sight To see it in the sky; It
first I see a ver - y few, But soon the rest come out; I'm
dare not turn my face that way, Un - less I shut my eyes; Yet



shone up - on me where I lay, With light al-most as bright as day.
sure I could not count them all, They are so ver - y dim and small.
when it shines our hearts re - vive And all the trees re - joice and thrive.

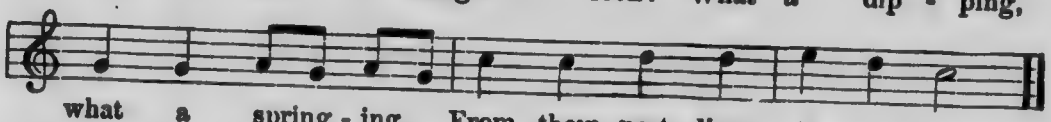
I'VE BEEN SITTING

1. I've been sit - ting by the hill - side, Lit - tle birds flew gai - ly round.
2. I've been stand-ing in the gar - den, Where the buz - zing bees flew round.
3. I've been wand'ring in the woodland, Where the squir-rels sport so free.
4. I've been walk-ing in the mead-ow, Where the swallows sail o'er the brook.



What a sing-ing, what a spring-ing, From their nest - lings to the ground,
What a hum-ming, go - ing, com - ing, As their hon - ey cells they found,
What a spring-ing, run-ning, leap - ing, Up and down the wal - nut tree,
What a dip-ping, what a dip - ping! It is droll e - nough to look,

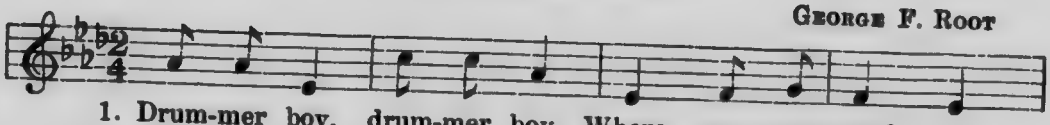
From their nest - lings to the ground! What a sing - ing,
As their hon - ey cells they found! What a hum - ming,
Up and down the wal - nut tree! What a spring- ing,
It is droll e - nough to look! What a dip - ping,



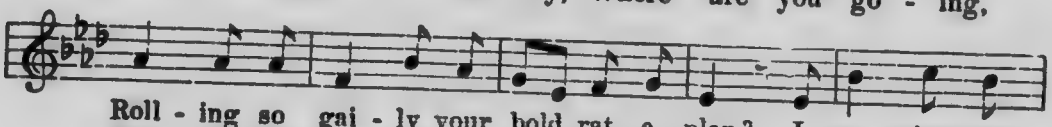
what a spring - ing, From their nest - lings to the ground!
go - ing, com - ing, As their hon - ey cells they found!
run - ning, leap - ing, Up and down the wal - nut tree!
what a dip - ping! It is droll e - nough to look!

DRUMMER BOY

George F. Root



1. Drum-mer boy, drum-mer boy, Where are you speed - ing,
2. Col - or boy, col - or boy, Where are you hie - ing,
3. Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, Where are you go - ing,

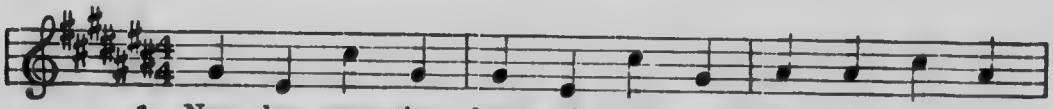


Roll - ing so gai - ly your bold rat - a - plan? I go where my
Wav - ing your ban - ner of red, white, and blue? I go where the
Bear - ing so proud - ly your knap-sack and gun? I go where my

coun - try my ser - vice is need-ing, Roll-ing so gai - ly my
flag of the free should be fly - ing, Wav-ing my ban - ner of
coun - try my du - ty is show-ing, Bear-ing so proud - ly my

bold rat - a - plan, Roll - ing so gai - ly my bold rat - a - plan.
red, white, and blue, Wav- ing my ban - ner of red, white, and blue.
knap-sack and gun, Bear- ing so proud-ly my knap-sack and gun.

NOW HAS COME THE HOUR

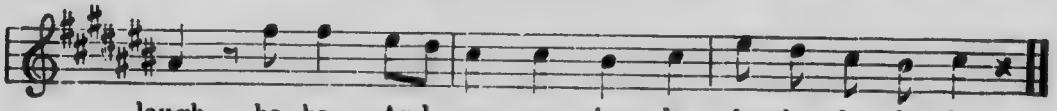


1. Now has come the hour of sing - ing, Pleas - ure al - ways
2. When 'tis dark and rain - y weath-er, Let us sing to -
3. Song is good to make us health-y, Good for poor and

bring - ing. Sing-ing makes our stud-ies light - er, Lag-ging hours grow
geth - er; When bright falls the sunlight o'er us, Raise a - gain the
wealth - y. Sing then on, sing ev - er sweet - ly, All in tune com -

bright - er. Come now and let us jol - ly, jol - ly be, And
cho - rus. Come now and let us jol - ly, jol - ly be, And
plete - ly. Come now and let us jol - ly, jo - ly be, And

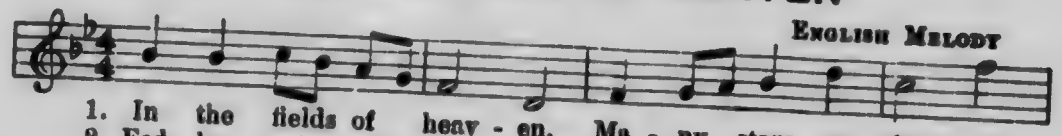
sing and laugh in mer - ry, mer-ry glee. We'll sing fa la, and



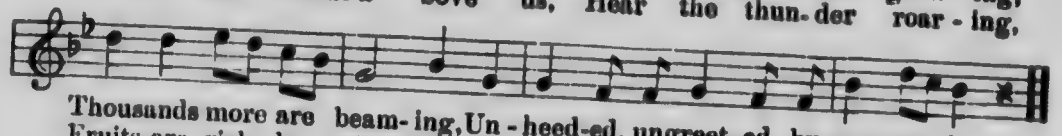
laugh ha, ha, And mer - ry sing la fa la la la la.

IN THE FIELDS OF HEAVEN

English Melody



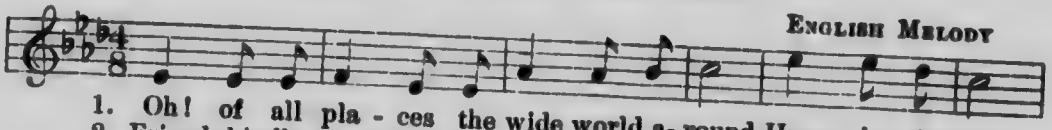
1. In the fields of heav - en, Ma - ny stars are gleam- ing,
2. Fed by rains and sun - shine, Grass and grain are grow - ing,
3. In the clouds a - bove us, Hear the thun- der roar - ing,



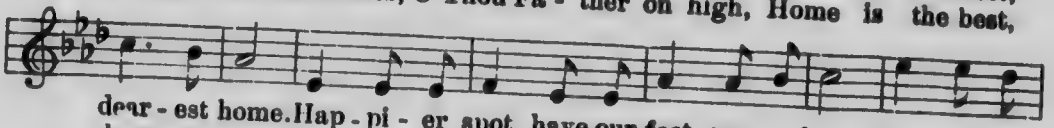
Thousands more are beam- ing, Un - heed-ed, ungreet- ed, by me or thee.
Fruits are rich - ly glow- ing, To nour-ish and cherish both me and thee.
See the tem- pest pour - ing, Ap-pall- ing, and fall-ing on me and thee.

OH OF ALL PLACES

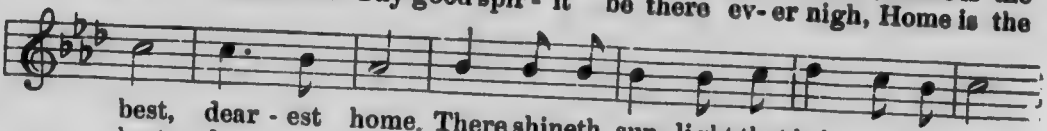
English Melody



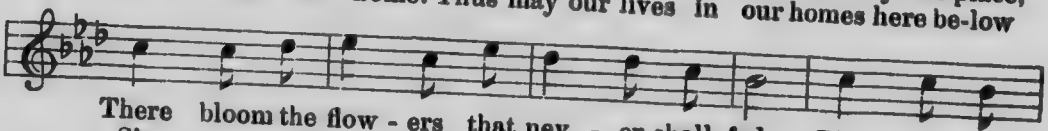
1. Oh! of all pla - ces the wide world a- round, Home is the best,
2. Friends kindly greet us wher-ev - er we go, Home is the best,
3. Smile on our homes, O Thou Fa - ther on high, Home is the best,



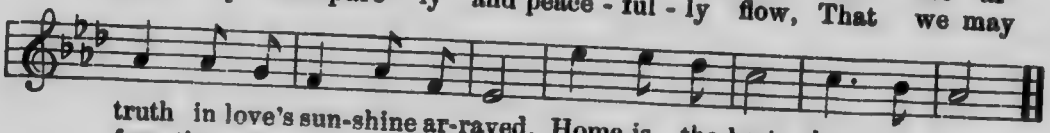
dear - est home. Hap - pi - er spot have our feet nev-er found, Home is the
dear - est home. None like the lov'd home compan-ions we know, Home is the
dear - est home. Let Thy good spir - it be there ev- er nigh, Home is the



best, dear - est home. There shineth sun- light that bringeth no shade,
best, dear - est home. Fa - ther and moth-er make ho - ly the place,
best, dear - est home. Thus may our lives in our homes here be-low

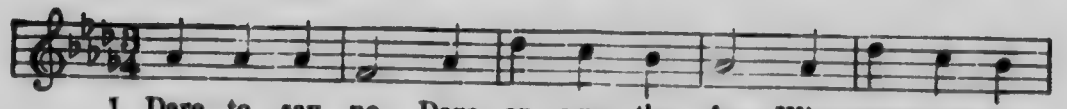


There bloom the flow - ers that nev - er shall fade, Blos - soms of
Sis - ters and broth - ers a - dorn it with grace, Gen - tle af -
Calm - ly and pure - ly and peace - ful - ly flow, That we may



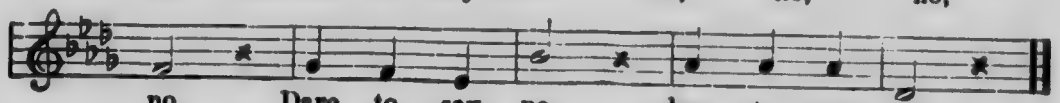
truth in love's sun-shine ar-rayed, Home is the best, dear - est home.
fec - tions il - lu - mine each face, Home is the best, dear - est home.
sing un - til up- ward we go, Home is the best. dear - est home.

DARE TO SAY NO



1. Dare to say no, Dare an - swer the foe Who tempts you to
2. Dare to say no, By God's grace to grow More brave thro' the
3. No is but small, Two let - ters are all; To use it we

wrong. True hearts should be strong. No, no, no,
strife And tur - moil of life. No, no, no,
try Lest hon - or may die. No, no, no,



no, Dare to say no, dare to say no.

IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF JUNE

1. In the love - ly month of June Na - ture sings her sweet-est tune,
2. Sweetest mu - sic far and near Fills with joy the list-'ning ear,
3. Ev - 'ry sea - son made for man Works its part in God's great plan,

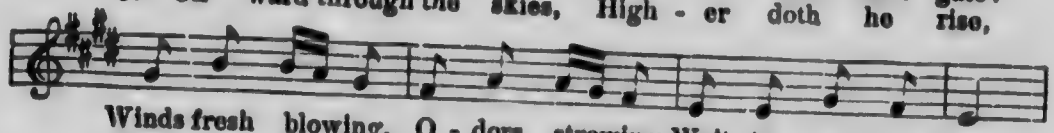
Earth is filled with fra- grance rare, From the per - fume-lad - en air,
Song of birds and breath of flow'rs, Crown with bliss the pass-ing hours,
But the sun-shine of sweet June Fills the world with one glad tune.

As we hail with glad de - light All thy beau - ties fair and bright,
And we own by sound and sight, Earth is beau - ti - ful and bright,
Hear the ech - oes, how they ring, As we gai - ly, gai - ly sing,

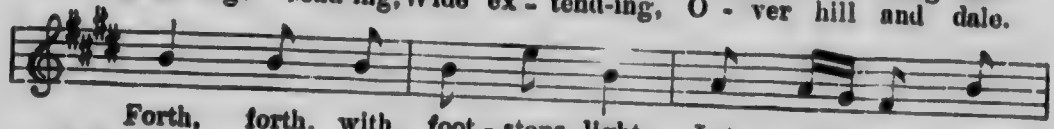
Love - ly June! Love - ly June! Charm-ing month of June!

FORTH WITH FOOTSTEPS LIGHT

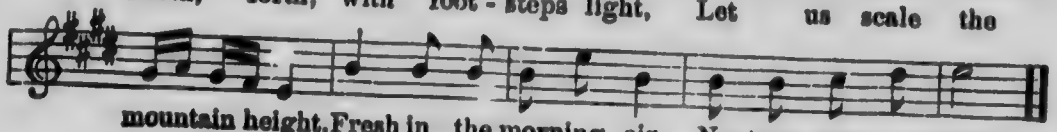
1. Forth with foot - steps light, Up the moun - tain height!
2. See the sun in state Rise at hea - ven's gate!
3. On - ward through the skies, High - er doth he rise,



Winds fresh blowing, O - dors strewing, Wait to greet us there.
Forth to meet him And to greet him Soars the war - bling lark.
Bless - ings send-ing, Wide ex - tend-ing, O - ver hill and dale.

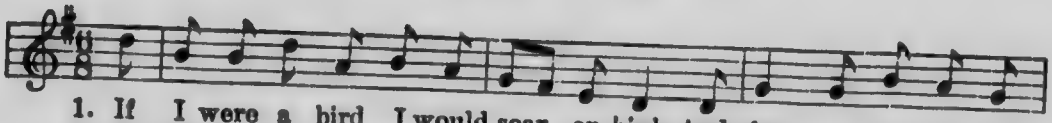


Forth, forth, with foot - steps light, Let us scale the

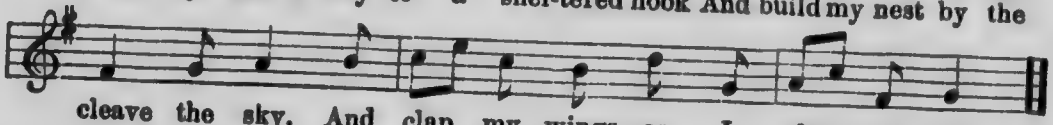


mountain height. Fresh in the morning air, Na- ture seems most fair.

IF I WERE A BIRD



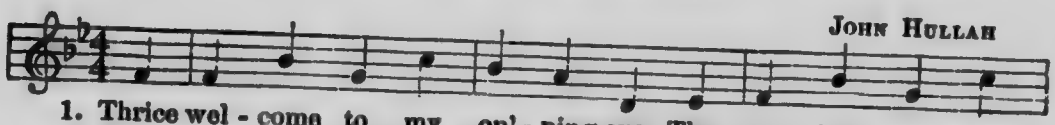
1. If I were a bird I would soar on high And clap wings as I'd
2. I'd wheel and I'd float thro' the bright blue air, Then drop be - low to the
3. I'd fly far a- way to a shel-tered nook And build my nest by the



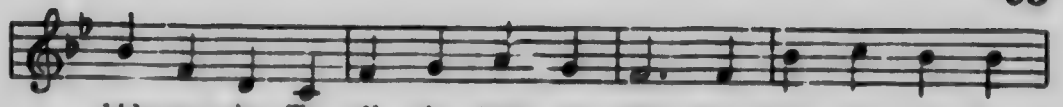
cleave the sky, And clap my wings as I cleave the sky.
mead - ow fair, Then drop be - low to the mead- ow fair.
murmuring brook, And build my nest by the murmuring brook.

THRICE WELCOME

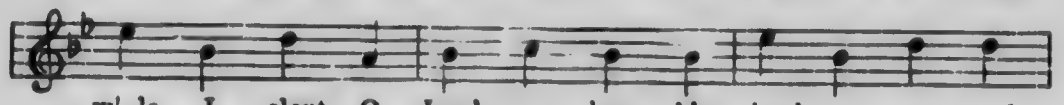
JOHN HULLAH



1. Thrice wel - come to my op' - ning eyes, The morn - ing beam that
2. Like cheer - ful birds, so I be - gin This day. O keep my



bids me rise To all the joys of youth. For Thy pro - tec - tion
soul from sin And all things shall be well. Thou giv - est health and



wi .le I slept, O Lord, my hum - ble thanks ac - cept, And
clothes and food. Pre - serve me in - no - cent and good Till

bless my lips with truth, My lips with truth.
eve - ning's cur - few bell, Till cur - few bell.

I AM A LITTLE WEAVER

English Melody

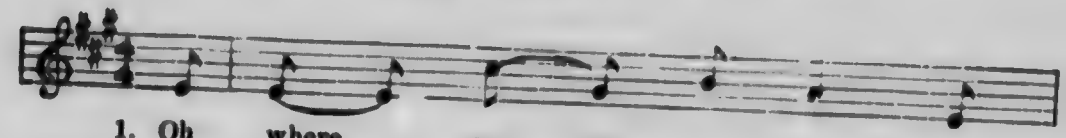
1. I am a lit - tle weav - er and pleas-ant are my days;
2. My songs are nev - er si - lent ex - cept in peace-ful night.
3. I care not for the dain - ties and all the splen-did things

My wheel is ev - er whirl - ing, while kit - ty round me plays.
I al - ways rise to la - bor, when day is grow-ing light.
That from be - yond the o - cean the rich man's mon-ey brings.

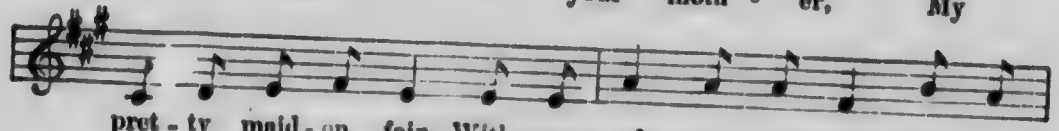
My life so calm and hap - py, so light and ac - tive is,
But though I am so bus - y, I sure - ly do not care,
My dai - ly food so hum - ble, I am con- tent to eat,

There is no joy I wish for to crown my earth-ly bliss.
They rath - er should be pit - ied, who al - ways i - dle are.
Nor will I ev - er en - vy the wealth-y or the great.

OH WHERE ARE YOU GOING



1. Oh where . are you go - ing, My
2. May I . . . go . . . with you, My
3. If I should chance to kiss you, My
4. And what . . is your fa - ther, My
5. And what . . is your moth - er, My



pret - ty maid - en fair, With your red, ro - sy cheeks And your
pret - ty maid - en fair, With your red, ro - sy cheeks And your
pret - ty maid - en fair, With your red, ro - sy cheeks And your
pret - ty maid - en fair, With your red, ro - sy cheeks And your
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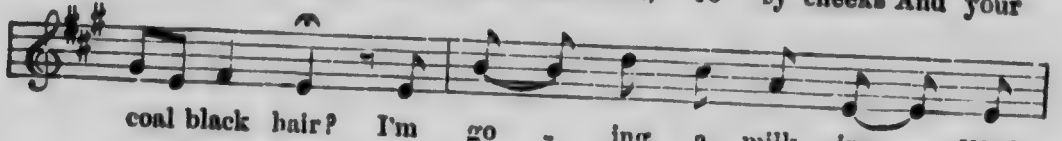
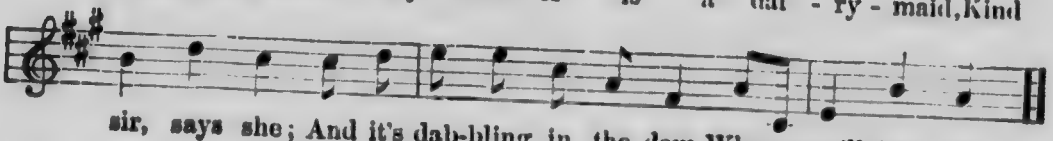


coal black hair? I'm go - ing a milk - ing, Kind
coal black hair? Oh you . . may go with me, Kind
coal black hair? The wind may take it off a - gain, Kind
coal black hair? My fa - ther is a farm - er, Kind
coal black hair? My moth - er is a dai - ry - maid, Kind



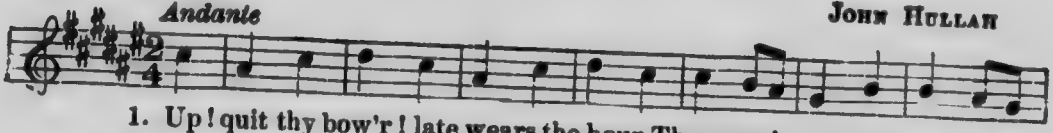
sir, says she; And it's dab-bling in the dew Where you'll find me.

QUIT THY BOWER

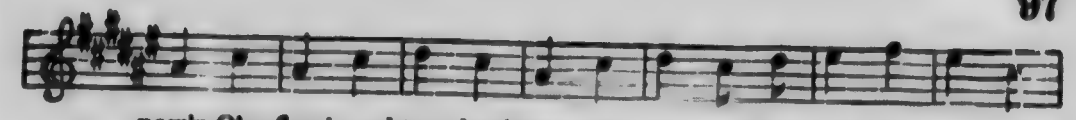
JOHN HULLAH

Andante

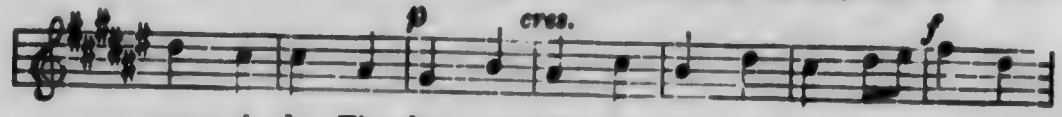
JOHN HULLAH



1. Up! quit thy bow'r! late wears the hour. The morning sun re-gains its
2. Up! time will tell! the morn-ing bell Its ser-vice song has chim-ed



pow'r. O'er flow'r and tree loud hums the bee And the wild kid sports right
well. The a - ged crone keeps home a - lone And the reap - ers to the

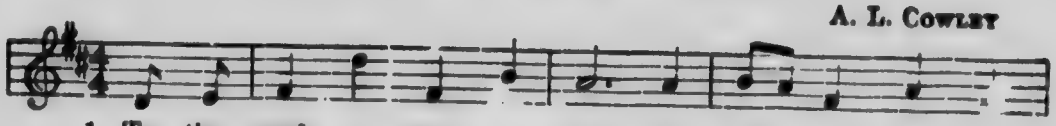


mer - ri - ly. The day is bright, the skies are clear. Wake, La - dy,
field are gone. Lose not these hours so cool, so gay. Lo! while thou

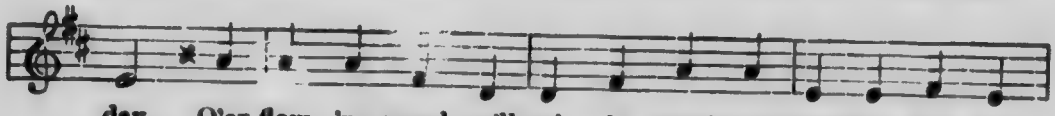
wake, and has - ten here, Wake, La - dy, wake, and has - ten here.
sleep'st they haste a - way, Lo! while thou sleep'st they haste a - way.

TO THE WOODS AWAY

A. L. Cowley



1. To the woods a - way, a - way, For 'tis our hol - i -
2. To the woods a - way, a - way, To hear the sweet bird's



day. O'er flow - 'ry mead we'll gai - ly speed And spend a hap - py
lay. In glad sun - light, 'mid flow - ers bright, We'll spend a hap - py

day. To the woods a - way, To the woods a -

way, For 'tis our hol - i - day, A - way, a - way!

THE PLEASANT SPRING HAS COME

Animato

1. The pleasant spring has come a-gain, Its voice is in the trees, It
2. The pleasant spring has come a-gain, I hear the riv-er roar, It
3. The pleasant spring has come a-gain, All Nature's heart is glad. The

FINE.

speaks from ev-'ry sun-ny glen, It rides up-on the breeze.
spar-kles, foams, and leaps, as when My sum-mer skiff it bore.
moun-tains rise like gi-ant men And shine with beau-ty clad.

The scat-ter'd flocks are low-ing Be-neath each sha-dy tree; The
Stern win-ter's chain is rend-ed, The gush-ing founts are free, And
The pret-ty flow'rs are spring-ing In sun-shine and in shade, The

D.C.

gen-tle winds are flow-ing. Oh come, re-joice with me!
light with wa-ter blend-ed Is danc-ing o'er the sea.
per-fumes they are fling-ing Have earth an E-den made.

I'M A LITTLE SOLDIER BOY

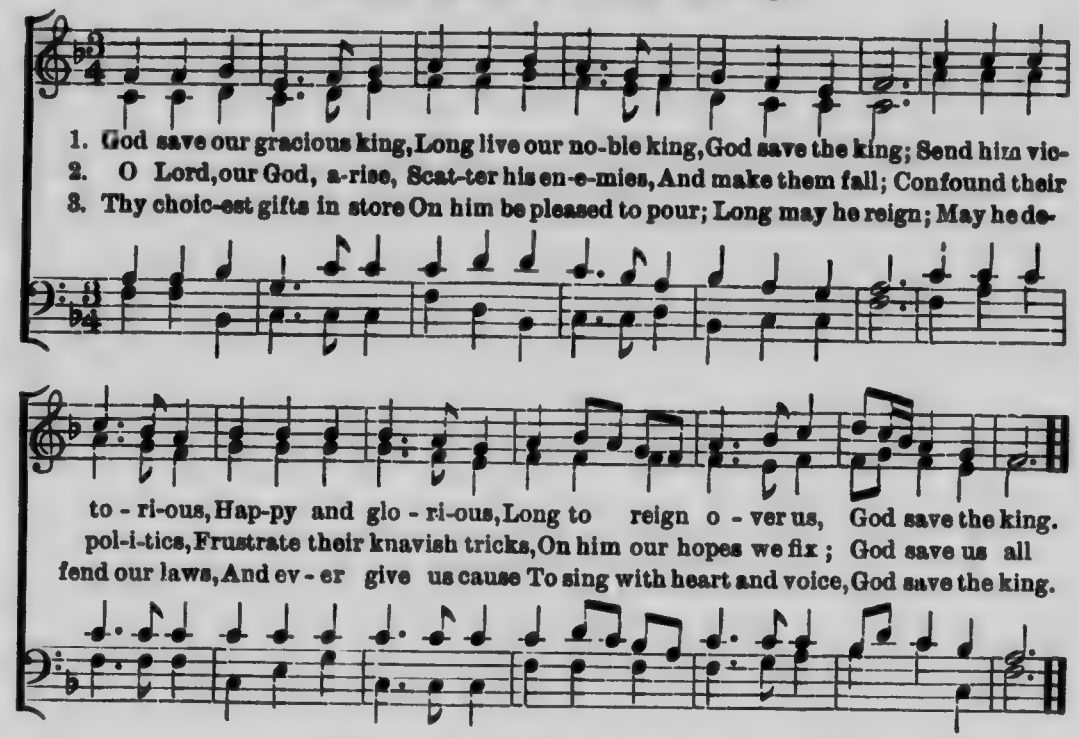
1. I'm a lit-tle sol-dier boy, Brave and true. Fol-low me, my
2. May I be a sol-dier boy, Brave and true? Have you in your
3. I'm a lit-tle sol-dier boy, Brave and true. I can wave the

Cap-tain says. So I do. Raise the ban-ner; join the song;
ar-my bright Room for two? Raise the ban-ner; join the song;
ban-ner, see! Will I do? Raise the ban-ner; join the song;

Face the foe; Up with right and down with wrong; On we go.

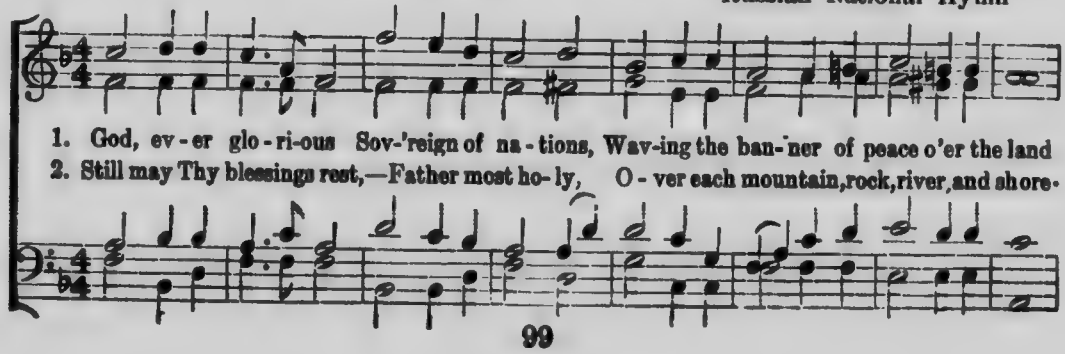
ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

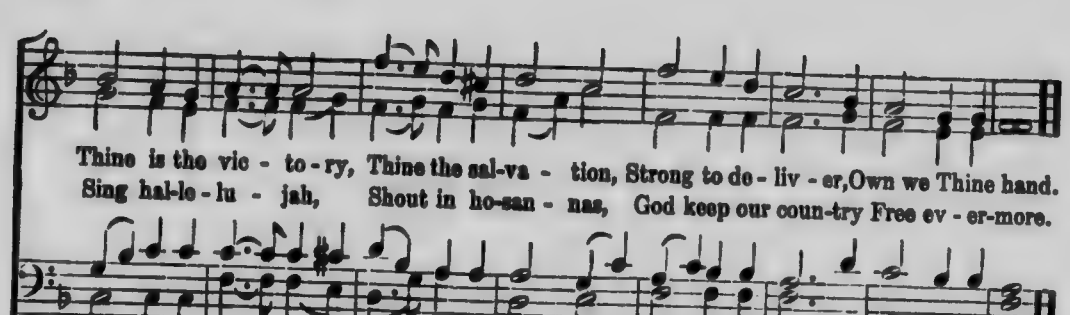
GOD SAVE THE KING



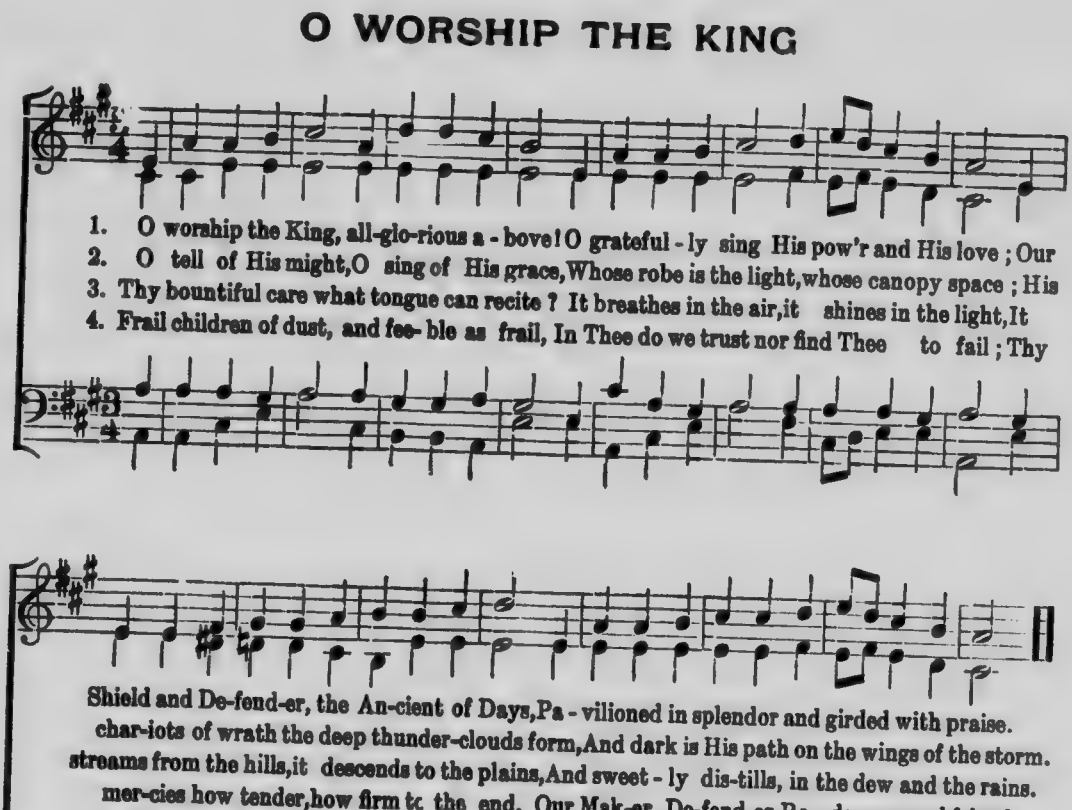
GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn





O WORSHIP THE KING



A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,

Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,
Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

f *cres.* *dim* *f* *f*

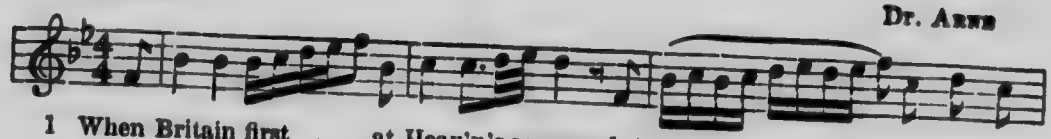
ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

f *cres.* *dim.* *f* *sf*

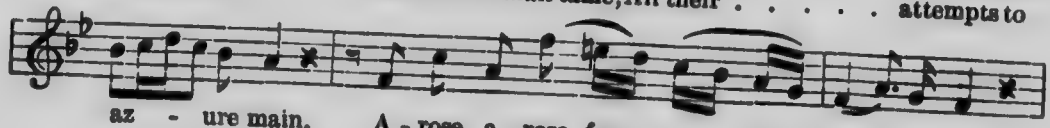
RULE, BRITANNIA

J. Thomson

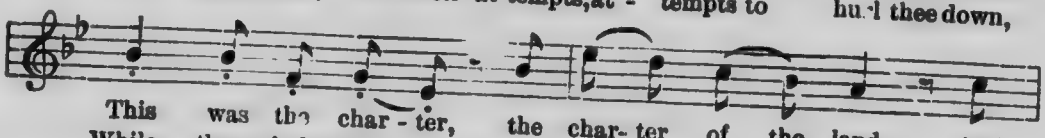
Dr. Arne



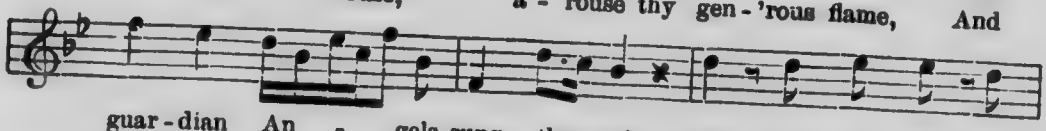
1 When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A- rose . . . . . from out the
2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must in . . . . . their turns to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their . . . . . attempts to



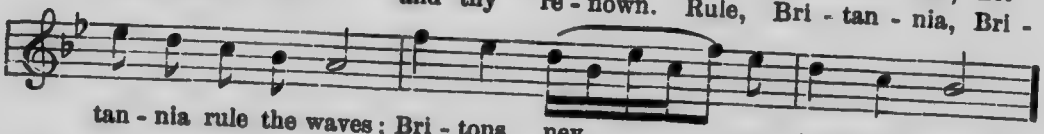
az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



This was the char - ter, the char- ter of the land. And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The
As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And

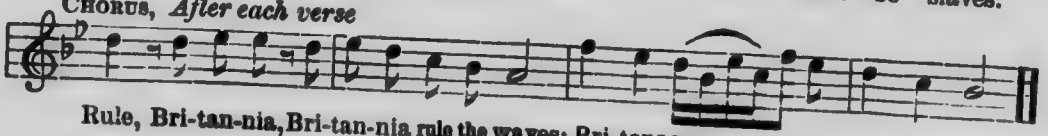


guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -



tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

Chorus, *After each verse*



Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign;
‖: Thy cities shall with commerce shine; :‖
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore encircles thine Cho.

6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,
‖: Shall to thy happy coasts repair; :‖
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho.

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arranged by
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

The first line may be played as a prelude.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-iads bid you rise.
2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise;
3. With lux-u -ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in - sa- tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wives and grandsires hoa- ry, Behold their tears and hear their cries,
The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing, And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,
Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded, To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries; Shall hateful ty-rants mis- chief-
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze. And shall [illegible] base-ly view the
To mete and vend the light and air Like beast[illegible]r- den would they

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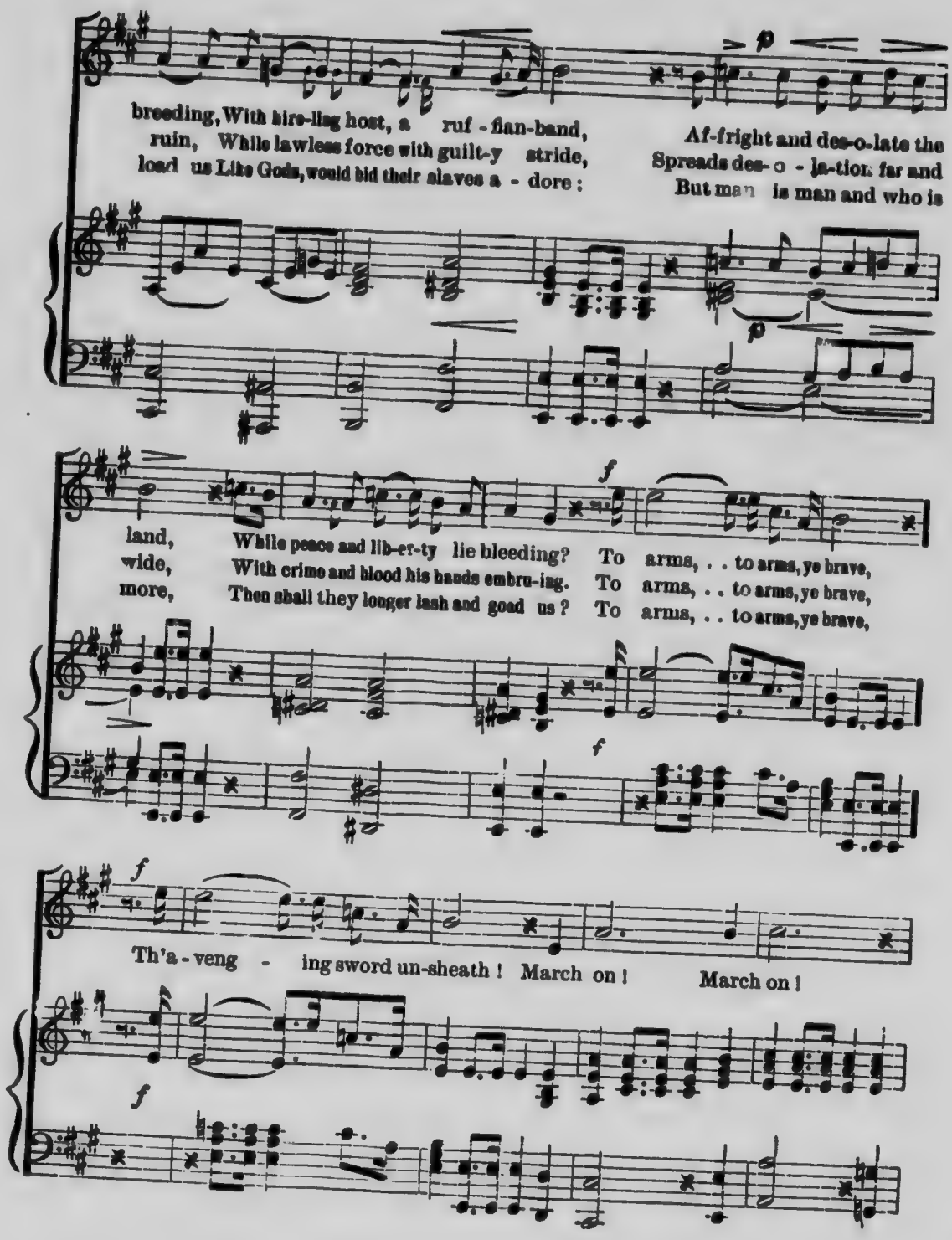
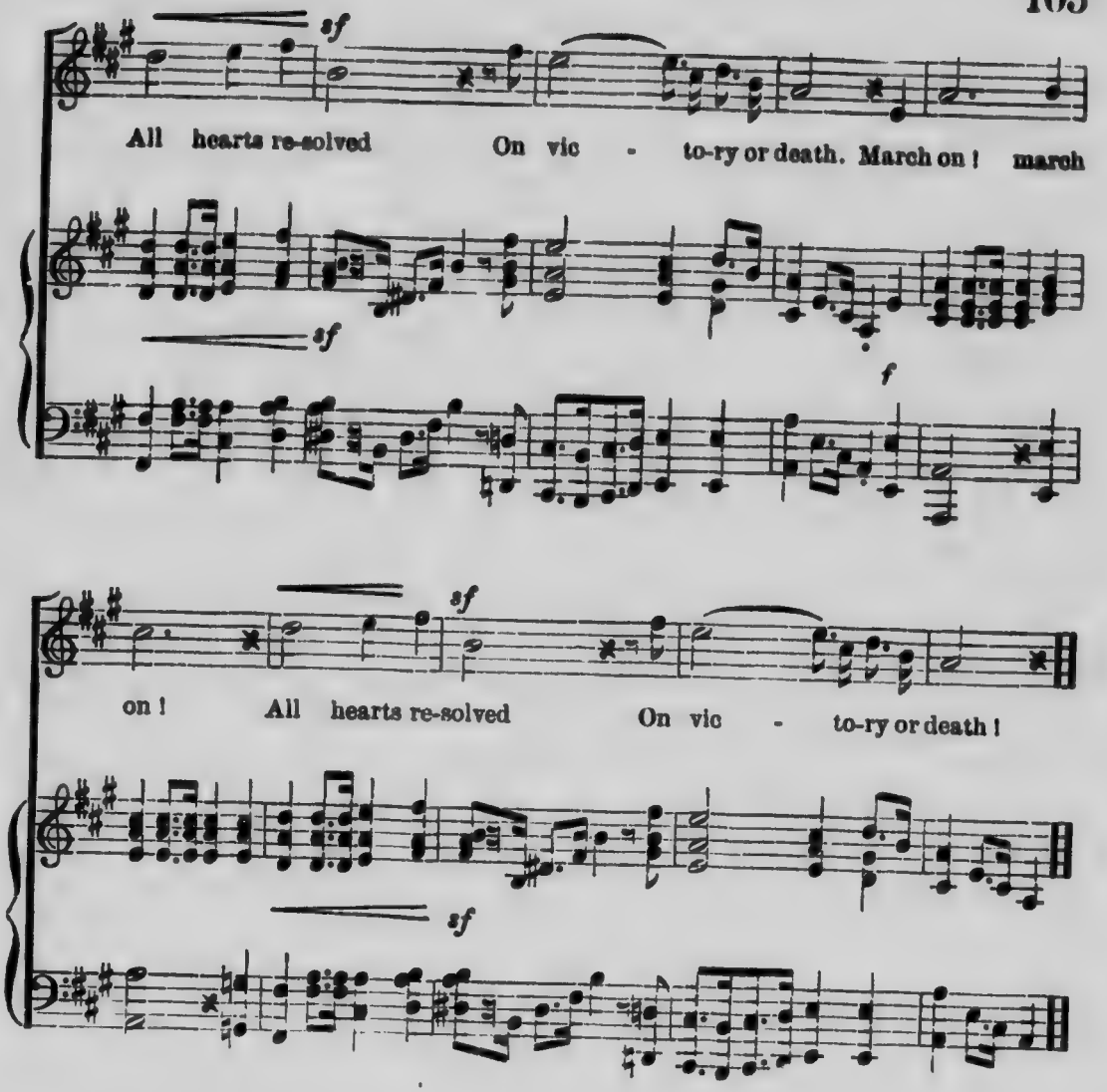

breeding, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fian-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des- o - la-tion far and
load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore : But man is man and who is
land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
more, Then shall they longer lash and goad us ? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath ! March on ! March on !



4 O Liberty! can Man resign thee?
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
‖: Or whips thy noble spirit tame? :‖
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

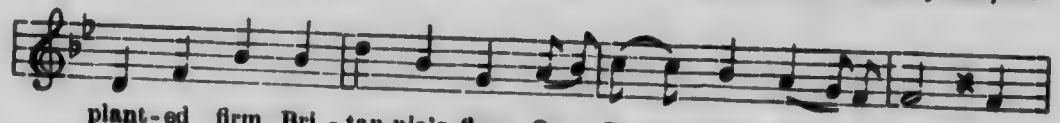
5 May patriot love and friendship glowing
Still be the aim to which we aspire.
May each spirit ever be lighted
‖: With the flame they both can inspire. :‖
All may be won; be but united,
Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet;
No more then Frenchmen will repeat
That dread cry which hath our land affrighted!
To arms, etc.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

Con spirito

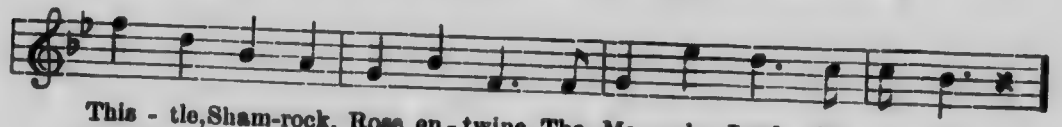
ALEXANDER MUIR

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here
free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And

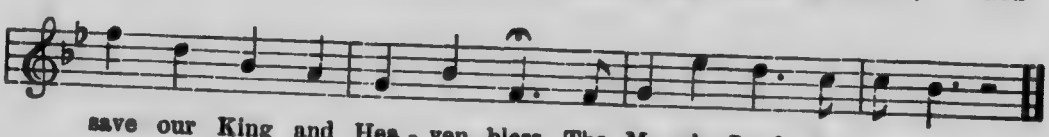
may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
those dear rights which they maintained We swear to yield them nev-er, Our



This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.
watch-word ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

CHORUS

The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound,
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever.

4 On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

"BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN"

HENRY RUSSELL

The first four measures may be played as a prelude

1. Bri - tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean, The land of the brave and the free, The
2. When war with its wide des-o - la-tion, Now threatened the land to de - form, The

mf *fz* *fz*

shrine of the sailor's de - vo-tion, There's none can com-pare un - to thee! Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri - tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her

fz

man-dates make he - roes as-sem-ble, With the garlands of glo - ry in view, Thy
lau - rels of vic - to -ry round her, When so no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! Whee
flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim;

fz

May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

fz *fz*

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

mp *fz* *mp* *f*

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

cres. *fz* *fz*

f *fz* *ff*

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

CHANT NATIONAL

The Honorable Judge Routhier

C. Leavallee
Arr. by Dr. T. B. Richardson

Maestoso e risoluto

f

poco rit.

a tempo

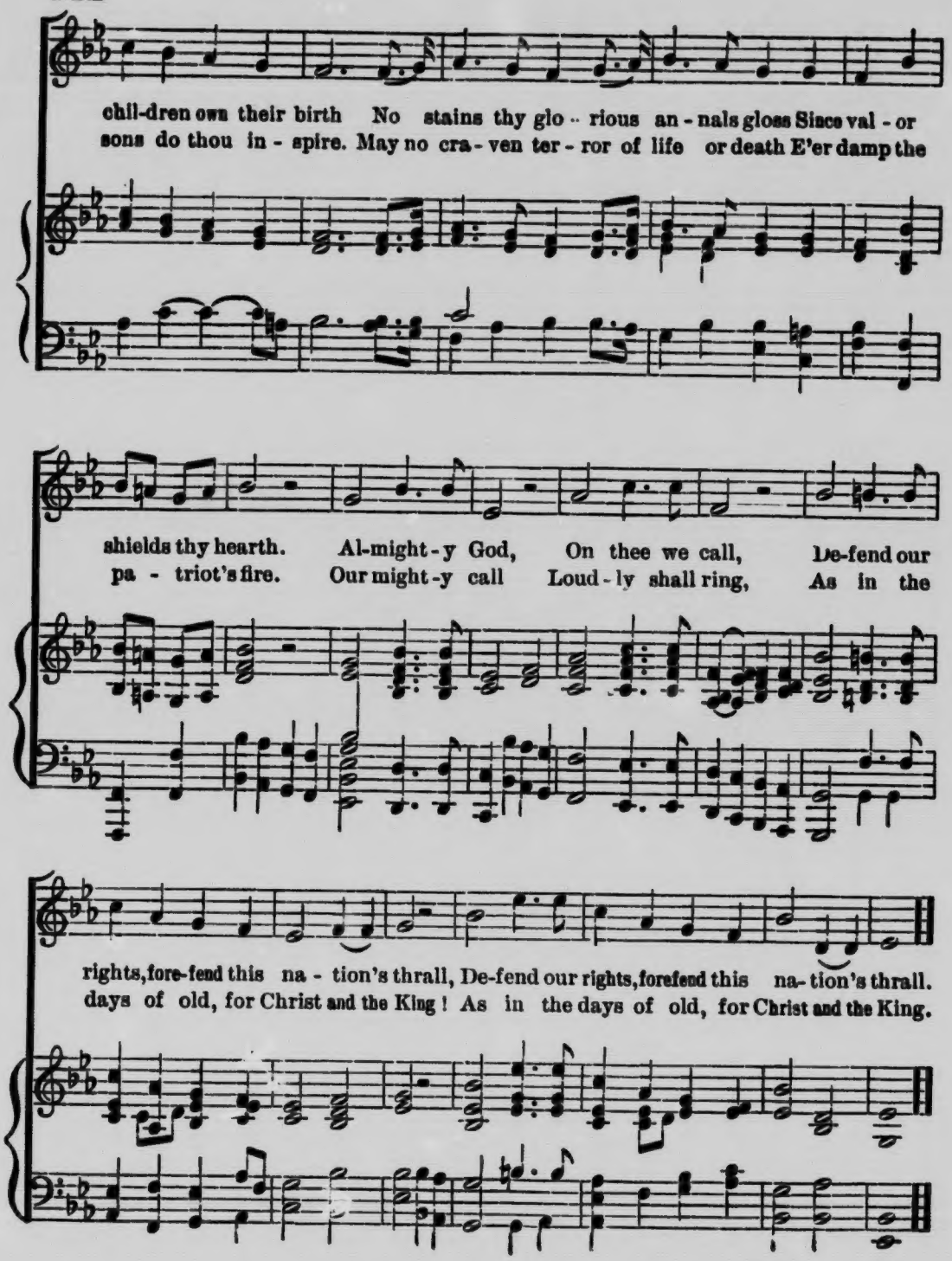
1. O Can - a - da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with
2. Al - tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shall

a tempo

p

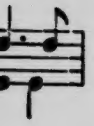
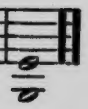
leaves of red and gold. Be- neath the shade of the Ho - ly cross, Thy
ev - er broth - ers prove. O King of Kings, with Thy might-y breath All our

p


chil-dren own their birth No stains thy glo - rious an - nals gloss Since val - or
sons do thou in - spire. May no cra - ven ter - ror of life or death E'er damp the
shields thy hearth. Al-might - y God, On thee we call, De-fend our
pa - triot's fire. Our might - y call Loud - ly shall ring, As in the
rights, fore-fend this na - tion's thrall, De-fend our rights, forefend this na- tion's thrall.
days of old, for Christ and the King! As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.

al - or
mp the

end our
n the



thrall.
e King.